

Leatherneck

DEC.

MAGAZINE OF THE MARINES

25c



Holiday Greetings

The Leatherneck 1950

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J. DeKruze

Subscription



The LEATHERNECK

Subscription



The LEATHERNECK

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THE LEATHERNECK, DECEMBER, 1949

VOLUME XXXII, NUMBER 12

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SOUND OFF

Edited by

Sgt. Frank X. Goss

NO HONOR?

Sirs,

I am here with your magazine in front of me reading about Pfc R. D. Ford (Ford wrote a gum-beating letter to Sound Off . . . Ed.) and there are five men besides me here who agree with him about not finding any glory, honor or tradition in the Marines. No, we don't want any medals. We have all joined for four years and get out this year.

It looks to me as though the ones who stand up for this outfit in peacetime are the ones not in the FMF, where we have spent our time.

I was always told that with two years in the FMF I stood a chance for a transfer out. Well Ed., just why have five of my letters asking for transfers ended up in the GI can in back of the battalion office?

Put some of the boys who think the Marine Corps is wonderful in the FMF at Joe's Place, Oceanside, and see what they say about it.

From a three and a half year Pfc,
M. F. Smith

Oceanside, Calif.

● About your transfer, Smitty. Perhaps you are too valuable to your outfit for them to let you go, or perhaps the first sergeant just wants to have you around so he can keep his eyes on you. After all, Pfc's with three and a half years of experience are hard to find.—Ed.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 4)

THIS MONTH'S COVER . . .

AT this holiday season, with the world uneasily at peace, Marines still have the Yuletide spirit. Perhaps you, like the persons posing for this Kodachrome cover by Louis Lowery, will be singing "Silent Night". Whether you're on leave, or on duty, a peacetime Christmas is something to sing about. *Leatherneck*, via the cover, sends everyone best wishes for a Merry Christmas.



O'er the ramparts
they watch

CHARLES
ANDRES

SINCE 1775 REGULARS and RESERVES

U.S. MARINES

BULLETIN BOARD

ARMED SERVICES PAYBILL

Effective last October 1st, the Service's Career Compensation Act granting raises in pay to practically all members of the armed services went into effect. The chart below contains the Basic Pay allowances personnel of the Marine Corps will receive.

Some Marines will continue to receive monthly pay at the old rate. The pay office of each command will decide which pay bill is assigned to each man, subject to restrictions and limitations of the Career Compensation Act, 1949.

Basic Pay Allowances

Pay grade	Commissioned Officers					
	Under 2	Over 2	Over 4	Over 6	Over 8	Over 10
General Officers above the rank of Brigadier	\$926.25	\$926.25	\$926.25	\$926.25	\$926.25	\$926.25
Brigadier General	769.50	769.50	769.50	769.50	769.50	769.50
Colonel	570.00	570.00	570.00	570.00	570.00	570.00
Lieutenant Colonel	456.00	456.00	456.00	456.00	456.00	456.00
Major	384.75	384.75	384.75	384.75	384.75	384.75
Captain	313.50	313.50	313.50	313.50	313.50	313.50
First Lieutenant	249.38	249.38	249.38	249.38	249.38	249.38
Second Lieutenant	213.75	213.75	213.75	213.75	213.75	213.75
Commissioned Warrant Officer	254.63	254.63	254.63	254.63	254.63	254.63
Warrant Officer	210.98	210.98	210.98	210.98	210.98	210.98
Master Sergeant	\$198.45	\$198.45	\$198.45	\$198.45	\$198.45	\$198.45
Technical Sergeant	169.05	169.05	169.05	169.05	169.05	169.05
Staff Sergeant	139.65	139.65	139.65	139.65	139.65	139.65
Sergeant	117.60	117.60	117.60	117.60	117.60	117.60
Corporal	95.55	95.55	95.55	95.55	95.55	95.55
Private First Class	82.50	82.50	82.50	82.50	82.50	82.50
Private (over 4 months)	80.00	80.00	80.00	80.00	80.00	80.00
Private (less than 4 months)	75.00	75.00	75.00	75.00	75.00	75.00
Enlisted Personnel						
General Officers above the rank of Brigadier	\$926.25	\$926.25	\$926.25	\$926.25	\$926.25	\$926.25
Brigadier General	769.50	769.50	769.50	769.50	769.50	769.50
Colonel	570.00	570.00	570.00	570.00	570.00	570.00
Lieutenant Colonel	456.00	456.00	456.00	456.00	456.00	456.00
Major	384.75	384.75	384.75	384.75	384.75	384.75
Captain	313.50	313.50	313.50	313.50	313.50	313.50
First Lieutenant	249.38	249.38	249.38	249.38	249.38	249.38
Second Lieutenant	213.75	213.75	213.75	213.75	213.75	213.75
Commissioned Warrant Officer	254.63	254.63	254.63	254.63	254.63	254.63
Warrant Officer	210.98	210.98	210.98	210.98	210.98	210.98
Master Sergeant	\$198.45	\$198.45	\$198.45	\$198.45	\$198.45	\$198.45
Technical Sergeant	169.05	169.05	169.05	169.05	169.05	169.05
Staff Sergeant	139.65	139.65	139.65	139.65	139.65	139.65
Sergeant	117.60	117.60	117.60	117.60	117.60	117.60
Corporal	95.55	95.55	95.55	95.55	95.55	95.55
Private First Class	82.50	82.50	82.50	82.50	82.50	82.50
Private (over 4 months)	80.00	80.00	80.00	80.00	80.00	80.00
Private (less than 4 months)	75.00	75.00	75.00	75.00	75.00	75.00

BASIC ALLOWANCE FOR QUARTERS

Except as otherwise provided for by any other provision of law, members of the uniformed service, not assigned government housing will draw allowances according to the scale below. According to the bill however, enlisted men in the fourth paygrade with less than seven years service and all members of the lower three paygrades shall at all times be considered as without dependents.

Quarters Allowance

Pay grade	With dependents	Without dependents
General Officers above the rank of Brigadier	\$150.00	\$120.00
Brigadier General	150.00	120.00
Colonel	120.00	105.00
Lieutenant Colonel	120.00	90.00
Major	105.00	82.50
Captain	90.00	75.00
First Lieutenant	82.50	67.50
Second Lieutenant	75.00	60.00
Commissioned Warrant Officer	82.50	67.50
Warrant Officer	75.00	60.00
Master Sergeant	67.50	45.00
Technical Sergeant	67.50	45.00
Staff Sergeant	67.50	45.00
Sergeant (7 or more years of service)	67.50	45.00
Sergeant (less than 7 years of service)	45.00	45.00
Corporal	45.00	45.00
Private First Class	45.00	45.00
Private	45.00	45.00

BASIC ALLOWANCES FOR SUBSISTENCE

Enlisted personnel drawing Basic Allowance for subsistence must fall into one of three categories: When rations in kind are not available; when permission to mess separately is granted; or when assigned to duty under emergency conditions where no Government messing facilities are available.

Subsistence Allowances

Officers	\$42.00 per month
Enlisted persons when rations in kind are not available	2.25 per day
Enlisted persons when permission to mess separately is granted	1.05 per day
Enlisted persons when assigned to duty under emergency conditions where no Government messing facilities are available	Not to exceed \$3.00 per day



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\$33.75



BULOVA

NP906F—17 jewels. Yellow gold filled. Matching link bracelet. \$37.50 cash, or \$10 down, \$5 monthly.

\$37.50



\$17.95

MNU2006—Secre Photo Locket of 10K Yellow Gold with one genuine sparkling diamond. Complete with 10K Gold chain. \$17.95 cash, or \$7.95 down, \$5 monthly.



\$9.75

NG2008—10K Yellow Gold Cross, finely engraved. Assorted designs. Complete with 10K Gold chain. \$9.75.



\$17.95

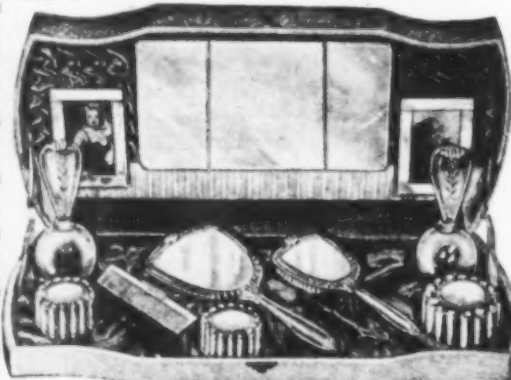
MNU2010—4 genuine Diamond Cross of 10K Yellow Gold. Complete with 10K Gold chain. \$17.95 cash, or \$7.95 down, \$5 monthly.

\$19.50

NG704—Heavy 10K Gold Crucifix Cross with 10K Gold 18 inch chain. Beautiful gift box. \$19.50 cash, or \$7.50 down, \$4 monthly.

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LNU3901—Sparkling clear Lucite harmonizes with any color scheme. 12 pieces. Double side mirror, mirror-back brush and comb, flare-top crystal perfume bottles, 3 lovely crystal jars, 2 mirrored picture frames and a large mirror. \$24.95 cash, or \$9.95 down, \$5 monthly.

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SOUND OFF

[continued from page 1]

I T'INK ITS FRENCH

Sir:

I t'ink it French in your June '49 issue (Sound Off), but could be mistaken . . . I enjoy reading Sound Off more than anything else in the magazine . . . so how about translating it for me?

Could it be that she "Mademoiselle Adrienne Miche" is strong and healthy, age 19, and wants information about the Marine Corps?

I want information, too. What's her name in English and her address.

TSgt. John H. Linyard

Dallas, Texas

• Now Sergeant, the Belgians are our friends and allies. No beachheads there, please. Besides she writes that she is tall and strong—probably indicating she can take care of herself. In her French language letter printed in June Sound Off, Miss Minche says that she would like to come to the United States, be naturalized and join the Women Marines. Sorry, but we cannot give you her address.—Ed.



NINETEENTH MARINES

Sir:

Could you tell me when the Nineteenth Marines were formed and where did the initial cadre of men come from? I am a former member of the Nineteenth and some joker tells me that our outfit was formed from men taken from the Eighteenth Marines. I am sure he is wrong as most, or a lot, of our older men had been at Pearl Harbor when the Japanese bombed it.

Joe Wyznth

Miami, Fla.

• The 19th was formed at Camp Elliott on September 16, 1942, with a cadre of men taken from the Eighteenth Marines. However, most of these men had been with the Second Engineers at Pearl Harbor during the raid, and later formed into the Eighteenth Marines. So you could have had men who had been at Pearl Harbor and still have been from the Eighteenth.—Ed.

ORIGIN OF SALUTE

Sirs,

Here is another version of the origin of the military salute. In the Age of Chivalry when knights gathered for tournaments, a Queen of the Tournament was chosen. As a mark of respect, the knights passed in review before her. As each one approached the queen he would close his fist and throw it across his eyes. This gesture was to signify that her beauty dazzled him. Although the salute has changed in form since then it is still one of respect.

They say all things travel in cycles. Please note that the custom of tossing a salute to a woman came home to roost during the war years.

Mrs. Antonio Niro

Milford, Mass.

● Yes, and with women now a part of the regular service we're still throwing salutes at them.—Ed.

PARACHUTE RIGGERS

Sirs,

I would like the following information about the Marine Parachute Riggers school which I understand is at Quantico, Virginia.

I would like to know the age limit and if riggers receive regular parachute training, qualify as parachutists, and draw jump pay. Thanking you in advance for any dope you can give me.

Corp. H. Burlin

Norfolk, Va.

● To qualify for Parachute Riggers School at MCATS, Quantico, applicants must be physically qualified and agree to make one jump with a parachute packed by himself. He must have two years to serve on present enlistment or extension. There is no age limit and preference is given to Pfc's, corporals, and sergeants. Applicant must have a GCT and an MAT of at least 100. The one jump made will not necessarily qualify a man as a bonafide parachutist, nor is jump pay allowed for the one jump. Marine Corps Memorandum #28-49 carries additional dope.—Ed.

NEW FEATURE

Sirs,

To make *Leatherneck* interesting to our boys in service, may we have a page each month that we may send in our favorite picture of a son, brother or boyfriend? It would be really appreciated by each family of a boy in service. Will you kindly answer in Sound Off, because your magazine brings monthly excitement to our house.

Pat and Evelyn

Brooklyn, N. Y.

● We have been discussing the possibility of running a page of the type

you suggest. We are throwing this letter as bait. If a sufficient number of our readers indicate an interest in the idea we will be happy to add the feature to the contents of *Leatherneck*.—Ed.

THE PADRE SOUNDS OFF

Sirs,

I have noticed that in the articles, "Posts of the Corps," no mention is made of the religious activities, or pictures of Marines attending the Post Chapel. I have heard line officers make this same comment.

Many Marines send the *Leatherneck* to their parents, and I have found from experience that parents are pleased to know of the religious services on the Posts where their sons are stationed.

This is meant to be constructive and not destructive criticism of your fine magazine.

Chaplain John H. Crave, USN
Parris Island, S. C.

● The Chaplain has a good point. In the past we have used pictures of Post Chapels, and Marines attending religious services, when they have been available. Whenever it is possible, we will make an effort to show the Marines of the various posts performing their religious duties as faithfully as they perform their military assignments.—Ed.

YOUTH REGIMENT

Sir:

As you instructed me I am sending a picture of the flag which you recently said you could have interpreted for me, in answer to my previous correspondence.

Harvey Snyder.

Sunbury, Pa.



青
年
軍
團
旗

● According to the G-2 Section at HQMC, this is the flag of a Chinese Youth Regiment sponsored by the Japanese during their occupation of parts of the Flowery Kingdom (China). The large character in the center of the flag is "Youth." The larger of the two columns of characters at the side of the flag means "The Wengchang Youth Regiment," and the remaining characters are "Li Chien Village."—Ed.

TURN PAGE

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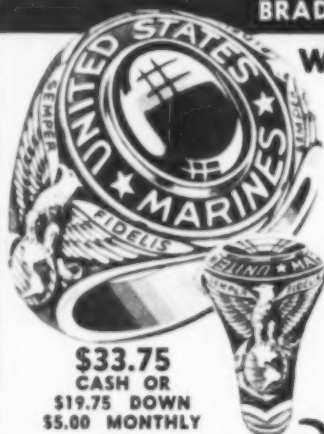
Brad

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SOUND OFF (cont.)

HISTORICAL POSTCARDS

Sir:

A friend of mine, knowing my interest in uniforms, showed me a postcard, on which was a picture of two men in the uniforms of U.S. Marines in the period of 1812. The drawing bore the initials MTJ and was copyrighted in 1944 by Cora Wynn Fleming.

I would like to know (1) How many there are in the series? (2) Where can they be obtained? (3) What would be the cost of same?

Bert Offord

Hollywood, Calif.

● The cards you seek were sold in Marine PXs at one time. However, we have none in our files, nor have we been able to locate any in the files at Headquarters, Marine Corps. Perhaps our readers who have been very generous in their response to other requests for information may be able to answer Mr. Offord's queries. He is a specialist in costume research of Army, Navy and Police uniforms of the world.—Ed.



DIFFERENCE OF OPINION

Sir:

Perhaps you could help us settle a difference of opinion. Is the red stripe on officer's dress blue trousers wider, or thinner, than the stripe on the enlisted man's blues?

What is the difference between the dress buckle (waist-plate) of a Pfc and a first sergeant? And, when does a Marine officer wear a cape, saber and dress boots?

Gene W. Daugherty.

Carson City, Nev.

● The red stripe on officers' blue trousers is $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide, while on the enlisted men's trousers it is $1\frac{1}{8}$ inches wide. The waist-plate of all first pay-grade NCOs is ornately worked with the figure of an eagle, similar to that on the great seal of the United States, with arrows in one talon and an olive branch in the other. There is no occasion which would require an officer to appear in a cape, sword and boots. In fact, the cape is only worn for social dress occasions. The sword is worn with dress blues, usually only in troop formations. Boots are no longer items of officers' uniform.—Ed.

(CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)



"I heard Junior was home for Christmas, and I'm just dying to see him!"

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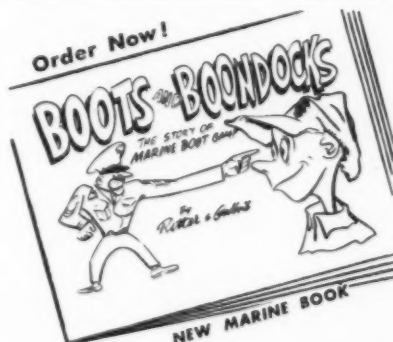
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SOUND OFF (cont.)

GUN SALUTES

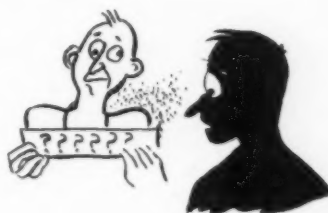
Sir:

Have wondered for some time about the origin of gun salutes as rendered between ships of different nations. I had hoped to see it in the pages of *Leatherneck*, but since I have not I will take the liberty to write and ask.

Pfc Gerald Pease

Oceanside, Calif.

● "Naval Customs, Traditions and Usages" says: "All salutes were in theory originally the act of one who first saluted, rendering himself or the ship powerless for some time after rendition of honors. Guns in olden days were kept shotted, and after firing a salute an appreciable time was required before the guns could be fired again. In Henry VII's period, to fire a gun twice an hour was average time." Ships of weaker nations always fired first, as a mark of respect—and to avoid any chance of appearing hostile to a stronger ship.—Ed.



HAS SERIAL NUMBER

Sir:

I, being a patient at the Veterans' Hospital in West Los Angeles, have run into an attendant who has the most peculiar past in the USMC that I have heard to date. First, George Bibbs enlisted in the Corps in 1917, and served until 1921. He re-enlisted in 1928 and served until 1932. Bibbs came back in for limited duty at the outbreak of the last war.

The peculiar part of all this is that George has never had a serial number, or dog tags in either war. I was under the impression that during the first war 'til now, the Corps had always used serial numbers. I contend he has had a serial number since his first enlistment. Who is right?

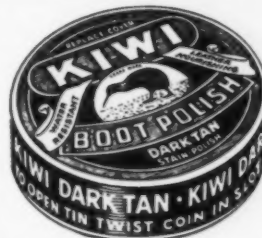
ex-QMSgt. William K. Parker

Los Angeles, Calif.

● Since 1905 every man who enlisted in the Marine Corps has been assigned a serial number. Bibbs serial number is 89459. The fact that he was never issued dog tags in World War I might well have been an oversight. In World War II all his service being Stateside it is very likely that he did not receive any.—Ed.

TURN PAGE

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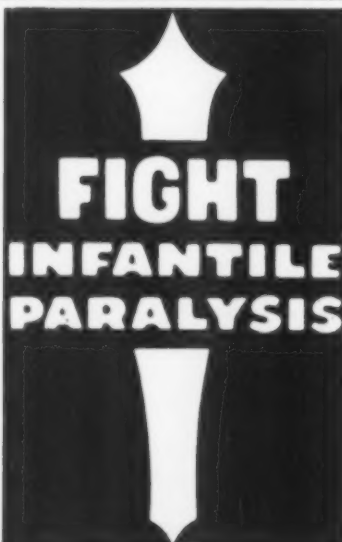
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FLORSHEIM SHOES



SOUND OFF (cont.)

A COUPLE OF GRIPEs

Sir:

Seeing as how it is so hard to beg, borrow, or steal a copy of *Leatherneck* over here I am going to be forced to break down and subscribe. It will be a relief to get a personal copy that I can hoard and read slowly.

I have read that a lot of Marines are complaining about the battle jacket. We have talked it over and agreed that if they would take out that "awkward bulge" around the middle and about three pounds of padding out of the shoulders it would be a smart looking jacket.

One more gripe about these visiting firemen and "tourist" Marines who hit the Mediterranean and Europe about once a year. If you didn't know better, their conduct and sloppy dress would make you think they were gook irregulars. In 19 months of duty in London, Rome and passing through France, Germany and North Africa, I've found that the local population has a helluva high respect for the U. S. Marines. As a tradition-loving people they respect our Corps more than any other unit of the U. S. Forces.

It's a damn shame to see these clowns come over and ruin it. Even the ten per cent can do it, too. Somebody's slipping. WHO??

Robert Stanton

FPO New York

LARGEST CAMP

Sirs:

For some reason or other I just can't find proof which will settle an argument between myself and some fellow Marines. The argument has come up time and again concerning which is the largest Marine camp, Camp Lejeune or Camp Pendleton. I hope your answer will settle this once and for all. Your answer will be the one to decide.

Sincerely yours,

T/Sgt. Victor Valesano

Camp Pendleton

● According to the dope we received from the Plant Account Section of the Quartermaster General's Department at Headquarters, Camp Pendleton is larger than Camp Lejeune by some 14,000 acres. Camp Lejeune totals 111,718.94 acres including 8.35 acres of leased land, 7729 acres of swamp and 26,000 acres of water. Camp Pendleton consists of 125,592.65 acres, including 160 acres of water, and 229.6 acres of land and water (37.7 acres of water) belonging to the Navy and utilized by the Santa Margarita Naval Hospital. Answer your question, Sarge?—Ed.

WOMEN MARINES

Sirs,

In response to your recent publication of the article concerning the Women Marines at Parris Island, I would like to submit the following to sum up your entire article in a nut shell. Here it is:



The United States Women Marines
(sung to the tune of the Marine Corps Hymn)

We have come to Parris Island
To learn the facts of war,
To become a "Fighting Lady"
And a credit to the Corps.

REFRAIN:

The rugged six weeks of training
Are the toughest ever seen,
But we're proud the day when we
are called
The United States Women Marines.

We rush from dawn to evening
dusk,
Through the heat and cold as well,
Those men Marines were really
right
When they christened this spot as
hell!

When we relieve a man for combat
shores
And he goes to tropic scenes,
You will find us working here at
home,
We're the United States Women
Marines.

Corp. James E. Burroughs, USMC
Camp Lejeune, N. C.

* * *

Sirs,

In your August edition of the *Leatherneck* on page 14 (the article about Women Marines, "High Heeled Boots.") you stated that the male boots wore gas masks but the women went through the tear gas without protection.

We of the Midway detachment think that if those male boots don't even know what the smell of tear gas is like they should be kept on Parris Island. And furthermore, if the Women Marines are to be praised so highly and are supposed to be so very good, how about sending some of them over here to take our places.

Paul H. Collins and John Burns
F.P.O., San Francisco, Calif.

* * *

Sirs,

In the August issue of *Leatherneck* I read that the "brave" Women Marines

endured their tear gas at Elliott's Beach without masks.

Sir, I went through the "gas attack" there and, contrary to the stated scuttlebutt, had a gas mask. It was for training purposes only. Once inside the gassed area, off came the masks.

Please, sir, don't underrate us men. We cried just as much, if not more than they did.

Pfc Harold A. Slawson
Oceanside, Calif.



SOLDIER WANTS INFO

Sirs,

I'd like to ask a favor of the *Leatherneck*.

Would you please take up a small space in Sound Off and ask anyone who was on the "Canal" in August, 1942, and any of the men of the First (Division) and part of the Second who had anything to do with the Army, please write me and explain in detail, just what happened.

Here's what I'm getting at. I know a few guys who were there, and they said, "that after the Marines had secured it the Army took over and lost some of it back, then causing the Marines to go back and secure it again." (Referring to captured territory on Guadalcanal.)

That's the question and I would be very grateful for an answer.

I guess you think it is odd that a doggie would be asking a question like that. Well, I was in the Corps two and a half years and am in the Army now. I like it, but still hold a lot of respect for the Corps, and the Fourth Division.

Maybe you could give me a little info on the subject.

Corp. Thomas J. Allie, USA
Ft. Knox, Ky.

● So far as we know there have been no documented reports of the Army losing ground on Guadalcanal and the Marines being called in to recapture it. There have been rumors to that effect but, as we have said, none ever verified. One officer we queried on the subject mentioned the withdrawal in November, 1942. Some Army and some Marines withdrew from Kokumbona to the Matanikau, but the withdrawal was ordered. The Army didn't lose the ground. If any of our readers can supply any other dope they should write Corporal Allie at Co. "B", 83rd Ren. Bn., CCA 3rd Arm'd Division, Fort Knox, Ky.—Ed.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 57)

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Product of Knomark Mfg. Co., Inc., Brooklyn, N. Y.



Be sure to ask for Esquire Polish at your Marine Post Exchanges.

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



"Aw whadda ya' complainin' about? Ya' been hollerin' about a discharge fer months!"

Packwood
MCG

POSTS OF THE CORPS

MARINE BARRACKS NAVAL GUN FACTORY

by Sgt. Ray Lewis

**In Washington, D. C. the
oldest continuous command of the Navy
builds weapons in secret.**

Marines have kept the secrets 149 years

Photos by Sgt. Victor J. Sarten

Leatherneck Staff Photographer

AND OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTOGRAPHERS

THE men had made the two-day hike from Baltimore to Washington, D. C. on travel orders issued by the U. S. Marine Corps' first Commandant, Lieutenant Colonel William Ward Burrows. Their equipment had been carried in a cart. On arrival in the city they drew wood, rations, and straw for hand-made "Beauty-rests."

On the evening of March 31, 1800, this 12-man detachment headed by Sergeant Jonathan Meredith sacked out on their straw, establishing the first permanent post in Washington, three and one half months before Marine Corps Headquarters arrived.



Artist's view of Washington Navy Yard as it looked in 1837 from the east bank of the Anacostia River. Note the

old style dome on the capitol. The sleepy yard awakened during the Civil War and it has been growing ever since



Aerial view, 1949, of the 125-acre Naval Gun Factory. Everything from frigates to fowling pieces was manufactured here until 1886; then ordnance, exclusively

Meredith and his men were ordered to stand guard on valuable materials which had been dumped at a site chosen for the Washington Navy Yard. After actual construction began, the Marines remained to provide internal security for the yard and their successors have been doing a creditable job on the post for 149 years.

Marines stood by while the 37-acre yard built and outfitted ships. They watched experimental efforts to manufacture not only armament, but every

piece of nautical mechanism required by a man-of-war, down to pistols for personnel on the new frigates.

Marines saw the building and outfitting of the famous frigates *Hornet* and *Wasp* during the early days of the yard when dueling was often a "must" and such delicate items of apparel as leg irons graced the ankles of the era's eight-balls.

Although yellowed records don't state just who wore the leg irons, evidence points to some of the yard's civilian



LEWIS

Technical Sergeant Ray Lewis began his Marine career as a key-pounder. He was at the radio key in Fourth Regimental HQ, Shanghai in 1941 to take the message recalling all Marines from China. Again Lewis was on the circuit in Olongapo to alert the regiment when war was declared. He spent 40 months as a guest of the Japanese.

In the "Bataan Death March" and six prison camps, Lewis found a real purpose for his life: universal understanding, a common language, peace. He began to write after he regained his health—first for the Quantico *Sentry*, later for two years at Camp Catlin Public Information Office, Hawaii. Lewis is 32, married, has one son, and spends his free time beating out MCI courses.

employees. The civilian mechanics and laborers had developed the practice of sending men or boys out to bring in whiskey for "medical purposes." The records reveal that on August 6, 1812, Mr. John Eliason of Georgetown sold to the yard for Navy use, 120 barrels of "good whiskey" at 52 cents per gallon.

The "yard commandant objected to the whiskey-seeking excursions which caused frequent disruption of work. Then too, the appointed "barmaids"

TURN PAGE



Building #58, built in 1859, is headquarters for the Marines stationed at the yard. The three-deck structure has been

modernized many times. It contains galley, mess hall, PX, squad bays, and a recreation room complete with television!

NAVAL GUN FACTORY (cont.)

were often absent from work for an hour or more. Loss of government time and labor infuriated the commandant, so he outlawed the practice.

Outraged by the order, the blacksmiths immediately filed a formal complaint to the Secretary of the Navy. They wanted to know why they could not partake of refreshments while engaged in heavy work. Evidently their plea was recognized for the commandant compromised with this revised order: "If such indulgence is necessary, the liquor may be brought into the yard at bellringing."

The bells rang, liquor was brought in, and the yard grew until it was destroyed by fire in 1814. It was rebuilt and continued to expand, destined one day to become a vital ordnance factory turning out guns that would be instrumental in settling international conflicts.

Robert Fulton, already distinguished as the author of a new revolutionary steamship idea, appeared at the yard with an ingenious invention. With his new device, Fulton proposed to attack vessels of the enemy below the surface of the water. Commodore Rodgers opposed this submarine idea as impracticable, adding that use of such destructive and unchivalrous weapons would probably be regarded as a violation of laws of civilized war. Fulton did not receive sufficient encouragement to enable him to perfect his tor-

pedo invention although the Navy Yard was ordered to help him.

Samuel Colt, of pistol fame, was provided with such facilities as could be offered by the commandant for experiments with a submarine idea. He succeeded in blowing the bottom out of an old ship's hull, which sank in the bed of the river, causing the formation of an extensive sand bar which grew until removed in 1849.

Champions of peace and advocates of governmental economy in the "War Congress" of 1813-14 believed that the British men-of-war, bloated with sailors and soldiers, would be content with complete control of the Chesapeake Bay and questioned their leaving the rich tobacco fields and hen roosts to venture so far inland merely to take possession of the capital and play "Hun and havoc for a few hours."

Evidently not knowing or caring what the law-makers believed, part of the British forces debarked on the Patuxent River and advanced on Washington. They met with no serious resistance except that offered by Commodore Barney, commanding Sailors and Marines from the small gunboats or galleys. These were burned or abandoned as the redcoats advanced. Main targets of the British were the destruction of public buildings, especially the Navy Yard and shipping.

When the yard's Commandant, Captain Tingey, got the official word that our forces were in retreat he applied matches to the buildings and shipping in the yard and shoved off under orders



Sgt. Robert Stewart, 1st guard platoon, books and brigs a willing "prisoner"

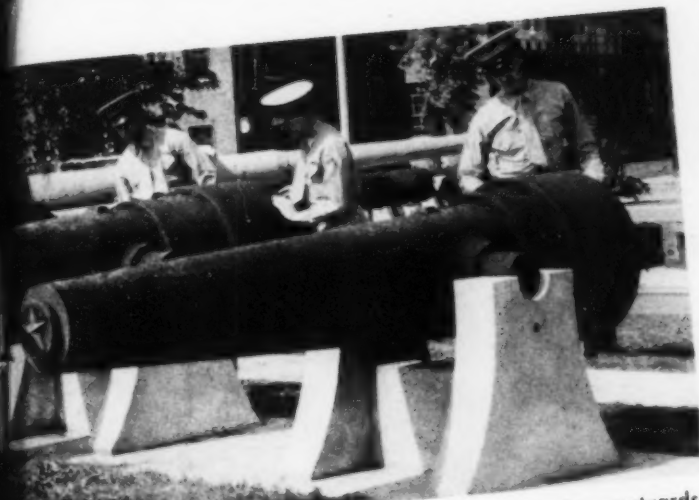
to Alexandria. At the same time the British were torching up public buildings in the city. Although the British admiral had ordered "hands off" the officers' quarters, the captain returned two days later to find that neighborhood persons had done a bang-up job of looting the living quarters including fixtures and door locks. In three



Colonel Harold O. Deakin is the Commanding Officer of the Marine Barracks, U. S. Naval Activities, Washington, D. C.



Pfc David Elliott, 1st guard Co., at the sentry box inside the M St. entrance. The archway barracks was built in 1805



Mementos of forgotten battles add interest to the courtyards. These are captured Confederate rifles taken from Rebel Rams



Souvenir of War II; a two-man Jap suicide sub (larger than those used at Pearl Harbor), high explosives in nose



detailed reports the captain listed losses to public property totalling nearly half a million dollars.

Comparative peace and quiet prevailed at the Navy Yard—after it emerged from a charred ruin—until the Civil War when it served as a repair and outfitting station for equipment of every description. During the Civil War, the victory of the Confederate ironclad *Merrimac* over the Federal Navy's wooden ships so upset President Lincoln that he drove to the Navy Yard to bring the commandant, John

A. Dahlgren, to the White House for consultation. An attack on Washington by the *Merrimac* was feared.

The victory of the *Monitor* over the *Merrimac* ended this threat, and when the *Monitor*, a "cheesebox on a raft," was repaired in the yard, the little ship was of interest to everyone from President Lincoln to the yard's laborers.

When Lincoln was assassinated, the Navy Department ordered the commandant of the yard to hold the murderer, when caught, aboard a vessel anchored midstream in the Anacostia

River. A heavy Marine guard was ordered for the ship, the dock, and the entire yard. The ship's guard was to prevent escape or suicide.

The first two of the prisoners, Mike O'Laughlin and Lewis Payne, were taken to the Navy Yard on April 17, 1865, two nights after the tragedy at Ford's Theater. David E. Herold, John Celestina, Ned Spangler, Ernest Hartman Richter, James Atzerodt, Samuel Arnold, and John Wilkes Booth (feet first) were taken there later. Marines guarded the prisoners for 13 days and then they were removed to face a military tribunal.

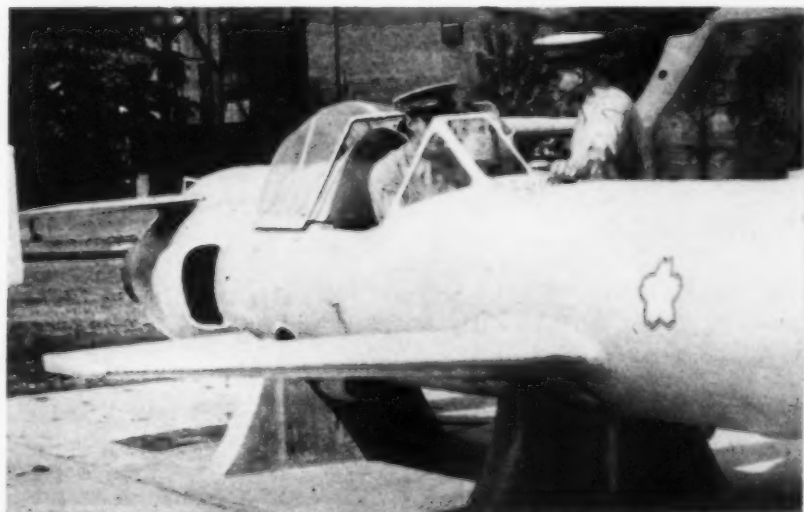
About the time the Statue of Liberty was unveiled on Bedloe's Island in New York Harbor, 1886, the yard was changed to an ordnance factory exclusively.

The success of the change can be seen by the statement of Admiral Plunkett, in charge of the operation of big naval guns in World War I. He said the five, 14-inch naval gun batteries built by the yard were superior to any weapon of the Allied armies and were the greatest achievement (to that date) of the Navy.

Each gun weighed 96 tons, had a muzzle velocity of 2800 feet per second and a maximum range of 52,000 yards. So great was their weight, French engineers refused them passage over the railroads—until the firing on Paris began. They changed their minds when they saw the big guns in action, and realized their potentialities.

German aviators saw them rumbling over shaky bridges and steep grades, snail-like but ominous. After the enemy's withdrawal the Armistice was signed on the exact spot from which one of the guns was fired.

Credit for the initial transformation of the shipyard into a gigantic 125-acre



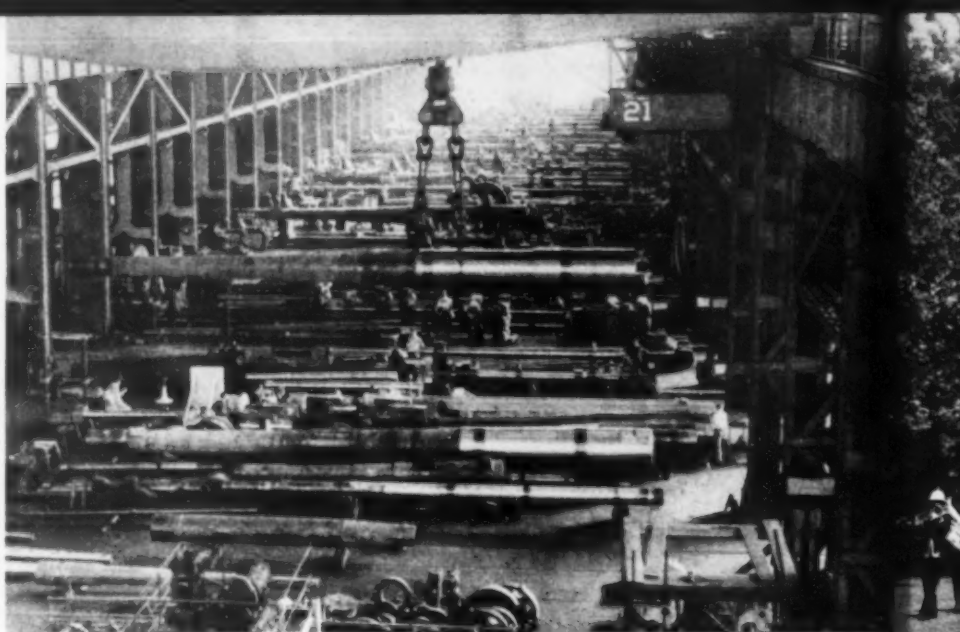
A reminder of enemy ingenuity: the deadly Baka Bomb. This rocket-propelled, flying torpedo was designed to be crashed into the target by a Kamikaze pilot

NAVAL GUN FACTORY (cont.)

ordnance factory goes to John A. Dahlgren, a Navy lieutenant sent to the yard in 1847 for ordnance and equipment duty. He was interested in all phases of ordnance and supervised the test of an invention by John Prentiss to improve the accuracy of the smooth-bore cannon by keeping the muzzle in its sighted position. He experimented with ranges of guns used in the Navy, and tested the invention of Major Laidly which was devised to make shells burst at the moment of striking.

Although Dahlgren was the first officer to encourage inventions leading to modern ordnance, he could not overcome indifference in higher officials. But when Commandant Buchanan resigned to join the Confederacy, Dahlgren became his successor. His new position gave him a greater opportunity to influence the trend in ordnance work. Under his capable and far-sighted leadership the manufacture of ordnance equipment gradually but resolutely replaced shipbuilding at the yard.

Marines have remained through the years that have passed since the founding of the yard. They have moved their quarters only once since 1805 when the familiar building at the Eighth and M Street entrance was built to give them permanent quarters in exchange for their makeshift billets. Through its narrow, single-lane archway, busy



This is one shop in the world's largest naval armament factory. In addition to guns, NGF grinds out electronic gear and all types of ultra-modern weapons

traffic flows past the bandstand and well-trimmed park area framed by shade trees and ancient cannon.

World War II brought an increase in the Marine personnel at the historic archway barracks, designated on the Naval Gun Factory plat simply as "Building Number Two." This wartime increase resulted in the Marines moving to their larger and more com-

fortable present headquarters, Building 58, constructed in 1859. Besides offering living quarters, this three-storied, white, brick structure has a large mess hall, galley, post exchange and hobby shop. It is also headquarters for Marines stationed with the U. S. Naval Activities, Washington, D. C.

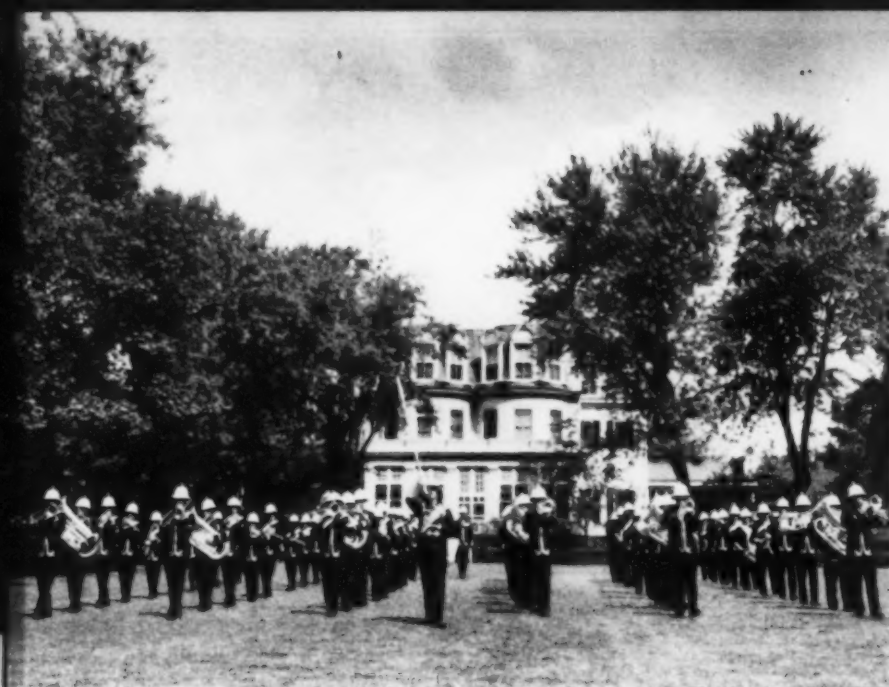
From this building Marine security patrols are (continued on page 58)



Machinist turns down a 16 inch on a cutting lathe. The Gun Factory also does odd jobs. Gears for Panama Canal locks were made here



NGF's pattern shop makes all official seals for the Department of Defense and other agencies



The Royal Marine Band parades in full dress regalia on the Marine Barracks parade ground in Washington. The Commandant's residence is seen in the background



Jollie BANDSMEN

by Sgt. Frank X. Goss

AS guests of the United States Marine Band, Britain's Royal Marine Band recently spent three days at Quantico and U. S. Marine Band headquarters at Marine Barracks, Eighth and I Sts., in Washington, D. C. The Britishers had just wound up an appearance at the Canadian National Exposition in Toronto.

At the invitation of the Marine Corps Commandant, General C. B. Cates, the 60-piece group of skilled musicians flew from Toronto to Quantico. At Quantico they presented a band concert and were entertained at Quantico's luxurious enlisted men's club.

The second day of the band's visit was spent in Washington where they paraded and played for an NBC Television camera crew and a large group of professional and amateur photographers. Following their stint on the drill field they

dined with the U. S. Marine Band at the Eighth and Eye mess hall. As a concession to the English visitors, tea was served with the meal. The mess-men received several whispered requests from the Americans, "Bring me some coffee!"

Major F. Vivian Dunn, M.V.C., A.R.A.M., the Royal Marine Band's Director of Music, spent an hour with Major William F. Santelmann, U. S. Marine Band Director, in the sound booth of the band hall listening to recordings of the U. S. Marine Band. Major Dunn spoke highly of "Concerto Petite," ("An exhibition of great technical excellence.") an original alto saxophone concerto written by the band's arranger and composer, Musician First Class Louis Saverino. Saverino's composition was played by Principal Musician Kenneth L. Douse, one of the few saxophonists in the United States skillful enough to negotiate the concerto's intricate passages.

Major Dunn, an associate of the Royal Academy of Music, called the status of the U. S. Marine Band pre-eminent in the field of music. "It is quite obvious that their playing is of the highest possible order," the major said after hearing several recordings.

The Royal Marine Band differs from the U. S. Marine Band in many respects. Like the U. S. Marine Band it is composed of men with long and varied musical careers. But most of the "Jollies" as Britain's Marines are called, began their musical careers as band boys at the age of 14. After three years of musical training the youthful musicians were assigned to small ship or station bands. The Royal Marines maintain large bands at Chatham, Plymouth, and Portsmouth. The Royal Marine Band, is stationed at Ma-

rine Headquarters in Portsmouth. Their absence from Portsmouth, by the way, forced the local Navy band to play for the Marines' formations.

Before returning to Quantico where they witnessed a formal guard mount and toured the base, the Jollies and the Gyrenes piled into cars to be whisked around Washington on a sight-seeing tour. A comparison of English pubs and American cafes was a welcome feature of the tour.

Probably no stronger bond is found between fighting men of the world than the bond of friendship and mutual tradition shared by the men of our Marine Corps and His Majesty's Royal Marines, the "Jollies." Couple with this traditional brotherhood the mutual interest and practice of music and it is easy to understand why the Marines—all of them—pronounced the visit, "Ding-hao."

END

Jane Russell



Gyrene Gyngles

IWO JIMA

From Iwo Jima steeply rose
Mount Suribachi's ugly nose;
A deathly calm clung every-
where,
From tons of bombs dropped
from the air.

Our fleet drives in with blind-
ing roar
To blast the cliffs and shell
the shore;
And carrier planes roar in with
wrath
Preparing our invasion path.

Our echelons sweep in to land
On Fututsune's black ash
sand;
The gray assault boats, row on
row,
Transport Marines to fight
our foe.

Our men rush in—the Japs' old
ruse
Sucks in our troops—then
hell breaks loose.
As mortars cough huge cans of
steel,
Men tear apart, our forces
reel.

And fall—the hot nail sweeps
our ranks
From Suribachi's cindered
flanks.
And Jap gun nests, the earth
spews high
The sons of God against the
sky.

A few Marines survive this
blow,
And forward rush to blast the
foe
With hand grenades and spout-
ing flame,
The sick earth rocks—who
was to blame?

More men press on, the young
in years,
Though vales of Death en-
gulf their fears;
And some pass on in armor
bright,
And some live on to fight and
fight.

On Suribachi's blood-stained
crest,
The blood-red sun sinks
slowly west.
On D-plus four, there flying
high
Old Glory waves against the
sky.

The fight flames on in furious
flood,
The sands suck up the thick
red blood,
As day by day at frightful cost,
We count our dead, our
maimed, our lost.

A month bled by—Death stalks
the land,
The battle's won—the crosses
stand
In rows and rows on reddened
sod,
And stretch white arms unto
their God.

—Captain Ernest R. Tinkham

"MALE CALL"

As the sun is slowly sinking
Behind the old mountain trail,
We can hear old Joey singing
On his way back with our mail.
And down in among the letters
One little pink one all alone,
Is filled with Love and kisses
From my little girl back home.
She writes me in the moonlight
Just outside her little shack,
To tell me that she's waiting;
'Til her Leatherneck comes
back.
So I'm going to pack my sea-
bag
And climb that mountain trail
To where she writes the letters
Old Joey brings me in the mail.

—M. J. Brown

Ole Emblem On My Hat

Speaking of things that soldiers prize;
Sweethearts dimples, laughing eyes,
"Hello hugs" and fond "Goodbyes"
And everything that goes with that.
When a fellow's blue and somewhat
dear,
There's always a soldier's souvenir,
Ah yes—I've learned to love it dear—
It's this old emblem on my hat.

The eagle, with his wings unfurled,
Stands guardian above the world,
The anchor to the hilt is hurled,
Emblem of honor and all that.
But when you see it forward go,
May God have mercy on the foe,
A former Kaiser well should know
This old emblem on my hat.

This wondrous emblem you now see
Once trimmed those Huns from Ger-
many

And sends a message home to me
Of bold sea-soldiers who in combat
Smashed Nippon's far flung battle line
And made them shed their blood like
wine.

Who wouldn't prize this prize of mine,
This old emblem on my hat.

So here's to all the emblems bright
From vassalage to that of knight—
Mine alone is first to fight,
To kill the oppressor like a rat.
Where e'er the field, who e'er the foe,
One common cause we always know—
This is what guides the winning blow—
This old emblem on my hat.

—William C. Wilson



SEE SEA SENOR

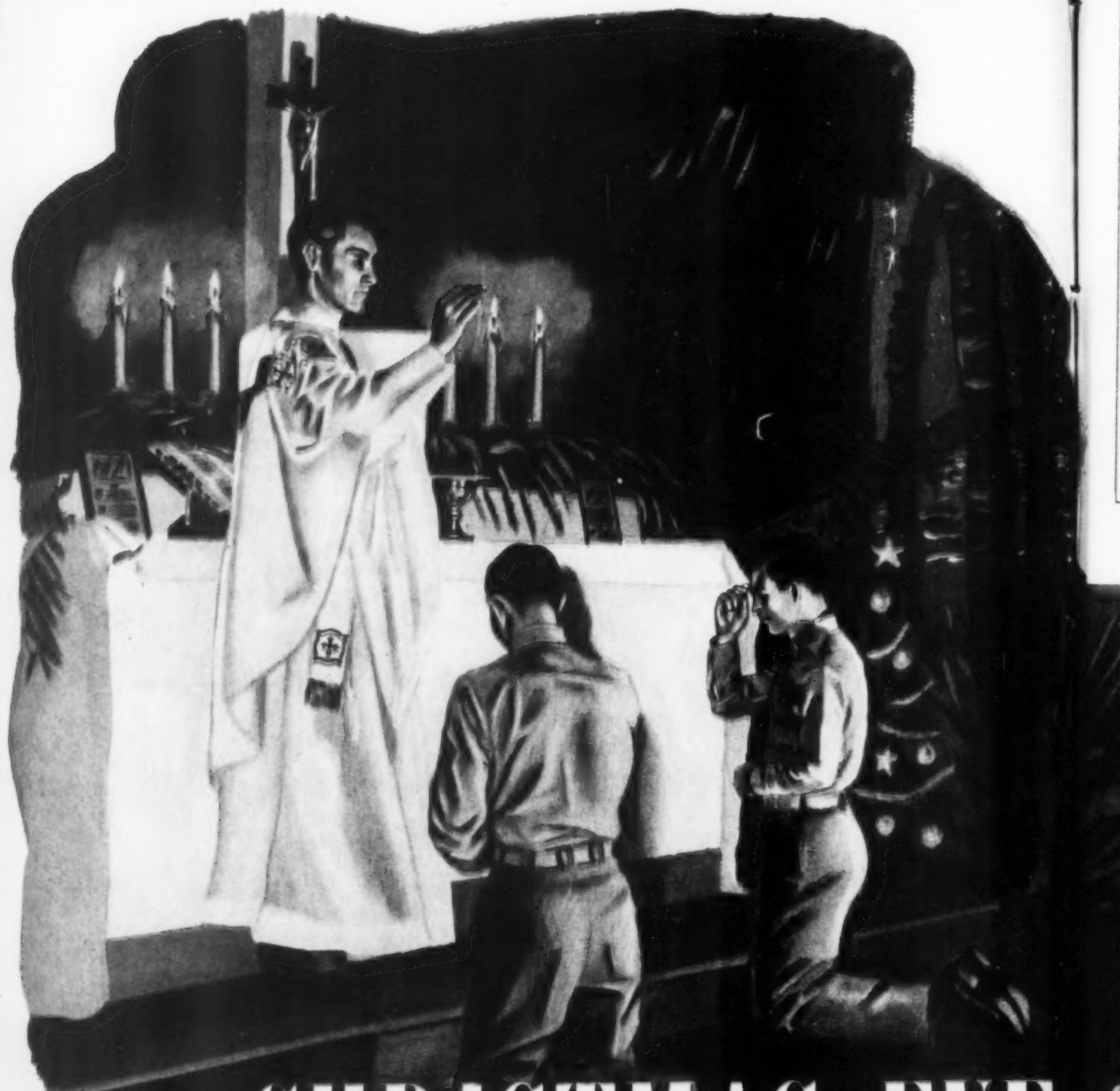
One warm May night
The moon was bright,
In fact bright as could be;
I thought 'twould shine
On gals devine,
—So I went out to SEE.

I met a "peach"
Down at the beach,
Her laugh was full of glee;
Her words I quote,
"Does that yacht float?"
—So we went out to SEE.

She let my arms
Embrace her charms,
And she lay close to me;
A noise on deck
My plans did wreck,
—So I went out to SEE.

Right then and there
I got a scare,
It froze the bloom in me;
A man with knife
Said "That's my wife."
—So I went out to SEA.

—Joe Sage



CHRISTMAS EVE

S.E. Dunlap Jr.

An altar was built of ammo b

THERE never was, and there never will be, another Christmas Eve like that Christmas Eve of 1944 in the camp of the Twenty-fourth Regiment of the Fourth Marine Division on the island of Maui.

There was no gift-giving; no commercialism and consequently no insincerity. In typical Marine Corps fashion, you wished your friends a merry Christmas and told the gazabos to go to hell. Yet, before that Christmas Eve paled into the dawn of Christmas Day, you could meet your number one hate without any upsurge of gall. Peace had reached your heart.

"Tomorrow was Christmas," you mused, as you sat on your creaking cot, pen and paper before you. That would mean a chow, second only to that served on the Marine Corps birthday, and a liberty in Wailuku. Of course, a midnight mass had been scheduled but what was the sense in kneeling through the inevitable nightly rains when you could fulfill your obligations on Christmas morning in warm Hawaiian sunshine? And so un-

til 21:00 it was just another evening; then everything changed; for tonight, instead of the usual patter of a sudden shower upon the flapping canvas, the skies began to rain Christmas music—"Oh Come All Ye Faithful."

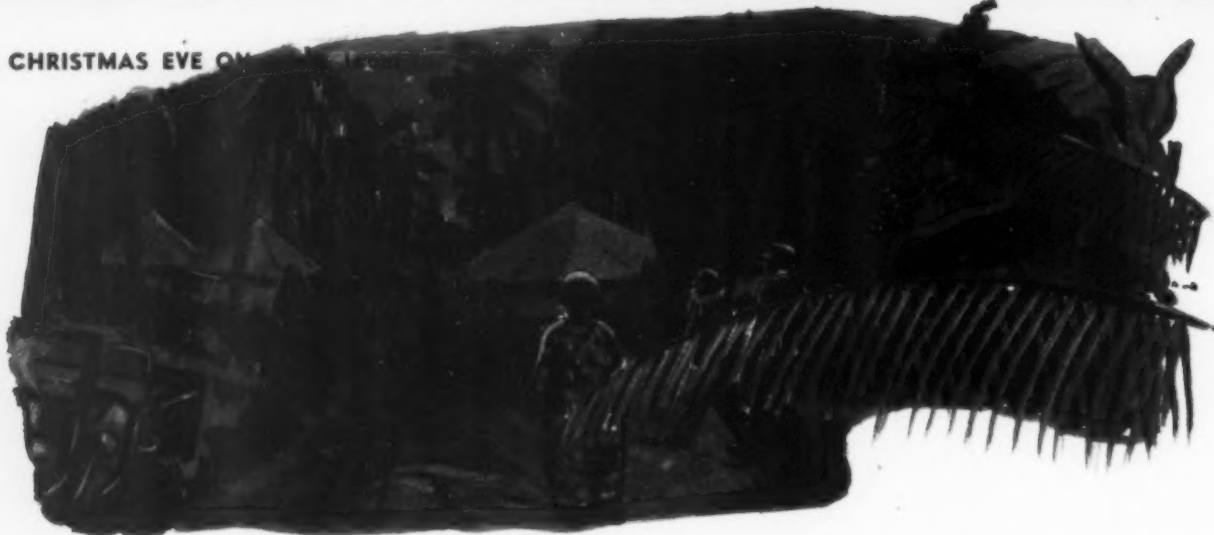
If you were walking sentry post, you hove to; if you were reading, you closed your book. Regardless of what you were doing, you just listened. By the time the third hymn, "Oh Little Town of Bethlehem," came over the padre's loud-speaker system, even the gunnery sergeants were mellow. You were back home reliving that last Stateside Christmas. War was unthought of for America. You and the wife were trimming the tree while the kids dreamed of Santa Claus, and the radio put you in the proper mood with those very same hymns. Then, you were wondering if your wife had discovered her gift. Now, you were wondering if you would ever see her and the kids again. A hush came over the camp; the slap of cards, the clicking of dice, the laughter and the shouts were stilled.

TURN PAGE



E
OW MAUI

no boxes and covered with target cloth



Although you knew that mass wouldn't begin for an hour or so, you found yourself donning your poncho and ducking through the flapping door. When you tripped over that corner stake you didn't swear. Charging out of the tent next door, was a Gunner from North Carolina—a professed atheist.

"Where in hell are you going?" you asked.

"To church."

"Church! You? Why you're no Catholic."

"Oh blow it; it's a free country isn't it?"

"Well, c'mon then."

You joined the long, dark file of churchgoers as they pounded along the narrow duck boards which led from the battalion area. The hard, white, clay road leading up the hill to the outdoor theater was crowded with swishing ponchos and bobbing helmet liners. Everyone seemed to be going. Soon you were rubbing shoulders and stomping on heels, as the rows of darkened tents emitted their Marines. As you walked you thought of the shepherds and glanced toward the heavens almost expecting to see the Star.

There was nothing unique about that outdoor theater except its backdrop—10,000-foot Mount Haleakala, its summit now hidden in clouds. Otherwise it was typically G.I.—Pacific style. Sandbags were arranged in semi-circular rows with the stage down slope, and the projection booth with a section of benches for officers and NCOs in the rear. There were seats for 1000 and standing room was limited only by the range of the loud speakers.

There are those who'll tell you that the pageantry of midnight mass at St. Patrick's is unsurpassable, but they didn't see that mass on Maui. There was no magnificent altar; there were no banks of flowers; no tiers of candles; no holly berries and no evergreens. There were no red cassocked altar boys; there was no marching choir or booming organ. But there was that small altar which Charlie Mareno and Fred Lamalfa had constructed from 37-mm. ammo boxes. Covered with white target cloth, its six tall candles flickered among the palm fronds which simulated evergreens. Two custom tailored Christmas trees trimmed with warm, friendly,

yellow lights, flanked the stage. There was, of course, the padre, the same guy who had won your undying respect by accompanying the assault platoons on Saipan. Now resplendent in white vestments, his chasuble ablaze with the red of the footlights, raising his hands as he sang the Gloria. Two altar boys, one a corporal, the other a first lieutenant, assisted, and a 12-man, khaki-clad choir stood in the wings and sang the mass.

The moon hadn't risen but the stars of Hawaii glittered brightly as the chaplain talked of home and dear ones. You leaned forward on your sandbag, chin in hand, and listened. As he spoke, your thoughts turned again to Christmas at home, but soon you were thinking about your buddies who were present at mass last Christmas, but who had since fallen on the white sands of the Marshalls, on the rocky ledges of Saipan and Tinian.

You wondered how many of those sitting around you tonight would be missing from the next midnight mass. The thought that you yourself might not be present next year made you pray earnestly and drink in the loveliness and sublimity of the scene. You said a prayer for Soapy, Sam and Tony, wondering if they were hovering near.

During that most beautiful part of the mass, the Consecration, the choir sang "Silent Night," and at the Communion, "Oh, Lord, I Am Not Worthy." As you felt tears fill your eyes you were just a little ashamed and wondered if anyone saw you—until you heard someone beside you sniff.

Then the stage was jammed with Communicants. You saw friendly hands restrain the Protestant boys who unknowingly, and from force of habit, tried to join the line waiting at the steps which led to the altar rail.

"Pax vobiscum." Mass was ended and you got up off your sore knees. More than a 1000 ponchos scraped and crackled as the men fanned out to return to their respective battalion areas. A quarter moon appeared to light the way and the dark forms assumed individuality; became recognizable.

"Merry Christmas, Lieutenant."

"Same to you Joe, Merry Christmas."

END

Leatherneck

By Bob DONOVAN

Laffs

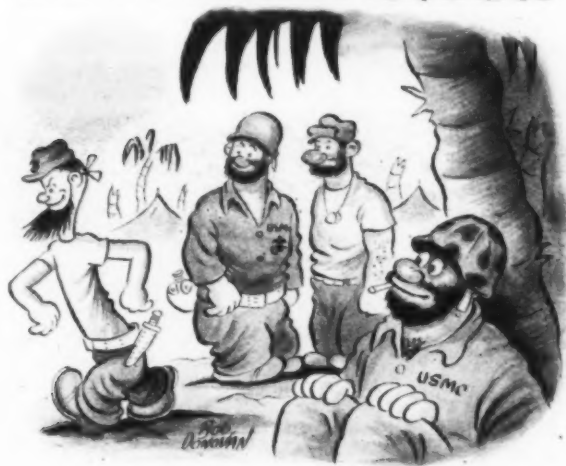


"I've been reading over your letters from the Pacific, George."



"So!! you've been two-timing me, Mildred!!!"

FROM THE PACIFIC SCRAPBOOK



"John!! Where are you??!! The dishes are ready to be dried!!"

the Squeezer on Ebenezer

**Leatherneck tears the Dickens
out of the well-known Christmas Carol**

by Sgt. William Milhon

Leatherneck Staff Writer

MASTER Sergeant Ebenezer Scrooge was a Big Wheel, the biggest hog at the trough. He was the supply sergeant. Everyone came to him, cap in hand, for quantities of lumber, chow, gasoline, or clothing that didn't fit. Everyone owed him favors. Everyone kissed his hand. Yet, Scrooge was as mean and ornery as a Marine supply sergeant can get in 17 years of service. He ate ugly pills every day.

On this wintry afternoon, Scrooge sat at his desk, an evil grin on his pan. In one hairy fist he held a small mirror. In it he was watching the suspicious movements of his clerk.

Corporal Cratchit was tip-toeing stealthily toward the hot plate. He loved coffee. He had bought the plate, the pot, the cups, the coffee, the cream and the sugar. He had stolen the spoons to stir it with. And he had been trying, since 0800, to get a cup of it.

"CRATCHIT!"

The clerk squeaked once and froze at attention.

"Just what," inquired Scrooge, "in the bloody, jumped-up blue blazes you think you're doin'?"

"I need a cuppa joe," said Cratchit, miserably.

"You need a hole in the head." Scrooge sloshed coffee into his cup and swilled it. "Git hot on them chits. If you ain't got 'em squared away by 1630, you work tomorrow!"

"Tomorrow's Xmas."

"So what? You ain't going no place."

Cratchit stuck out his lip. "Somebody killed my furlough."

"Corporal," said Scrooge, kindly. "I couldn't let you go. Not while you owe me five bucks."

"I got the money. I meant to pay."

"Hand it over."

"Aw, Scrooge, lemme keep the five. I'll pay you back seven."

"Eight."

"Seven-fifty."

"Gimme that five spot."

"O.K." said Cratchit, hastily. "I'll pay you eight."

"Now you're being smart," said Scrooge. "Have half a cup of joe."

Cratchit leaped for the pot, eagerly poured a few drops of the life-giving

liquid into a cup and raised it to his feverish lips.

Scrooge smirked. "How come you need dough? You don't know any women around here."

"It's not women. It's Xmas . . ."

"Malarky."

"Every Xmas," said Cratchit, revived by the coffee, "I always put on my dress blues and go into town. I find some poor little kid that didn't get any presents and I buy him five bucks worth of toys."

Scrooge shook his head pityingly. "Boy," he said, "You git smarter every day."

There was a tremendous stomping and clomping outside. The door swooshed open and a snow-covered, 280 pound, monstrosity filled the opening.

"Oh, no!" groaned Scrooge.

"Hello, Tim," said Cratchit, kindly.

"Duh-uh. Howdy, Bob. I brung the mail."

"What a cement-head!" said Scrooge.

Tim limped to the desk, brushing against a filing cabinet.

"That's all right," Cratchit said, quickly. "Don't try to pick it up, Tim. You might knock over something else."





The door swooshed and a snow-covered monstrosity filled the opening

"Twice a day," gritted Sgt. Scrooge. "Merry Xmas, Bob," said Tim. "Yuh got muh boom-dockers yet?"

"No. We're trying to get your size, Tim. You'll have to get along with those 15's for a while. Merry Xmas, anyhow."

"Of all the stupid eight-balls," mumbled Scrooge.

"Duh, hello, uh, I mean Merry Xmas, Master Sergeant!"

"Drop dead."

"Yessir."

"Gimme that mail," howled Scrooge. He jabbed a pen into the chit and shoved it at Tim. "Now, git outa my sight."

Tim saluted sharply, did an about face, and then fell on it—over the filing cabinet.

Cratchit helped him up.

"Duh," accused Tim. "Duh-uh, you hadn't oughta leave things layin' in a man's way like that."

"Shove off! Hell-fire and A & I," screamed Scrooge, nearly biting himself in his fury.

Tim limped away into the gale.

"You know," said Cratchit, soberly, "we ought to get Tiny some bigger

shoes. Everybody thinks he's crippled."

"I'll cripple him," foamed Scrooge.

He seized the telephone and clawed at the dial. "Gimme Personnel. That you, Joe? How's them chickens of your'n? Great. Say Joe, you got any dirty billets open?"

"Yeah," said the Personnel sergeant major, uneasily. "I had 'em filled, but the guys heard about 'em and went over the hill."

"Good." Scrooge cocked an inflamed eye at the snow piled outside. "Painting the flag pole, eh? Ha, ha! Working on the gravel pile? That's swell. I got a good man for the job. You know that big mail runner they call Tiny?"

"He's not an engineer . . ."

"Whatta ya mean he ain't a engineer," bawled Scrooge. "He's a Marine, ain't he? None of them chickens has got out of that fence yet, have they, Joe!"

This was a sly reference to the fact that Joe had a chicken ranch and had checked out a lot of wire from Scrooge without signing a chit.

Scrooge cut the connection and dialed another number. "They all come around," he gloated. "Hello . . . George?

Them floors shining all right? You git enough wax?"

"Oh, hello, Scrooge," quavered the Top Sarge of H & S.

"That big flub, Tiny Tim, that runs the mail gits in my hair . . . Yeah. I know he's a good boy. He needs a change. If you feel like replacing him, I got a good job for him. Well, good. I thought you'd see it my way. Yeah, just buzz me any time you need the buffer for your decks at home . . ."

Scrooge hung up triumphantly, and turned to Cratchit. "Boy," he said, "You didn't hear a word I said. Did you?"

"N-no, sir."

Scrooge, feeling fine now, began to sort through his mail. It always settled his nerves to Shanghai somebody. The thought of Tiny Tim digging gravel for a road bed at 20 below zero cheered him up no end. There was a square envelope at the bottom of the stack. A Xmas card. Probably from Guinevere Schmaltz. Scrooge picked it up, aimed it at the waste basket, and then slowly applied it to his nose. He sniffed at it. "Hmm," he said. "Onions. She's changed perfume."

THE SQUEEZER ON EBENEZER (cont.)



Scrooge was confronted by an empty and very drunken pair of trousers

Frowning, he ripped open the envelope, and that small action changed the course of his life.

The card was from Meat-head Marley. The verse was the ignorant sort of thing that Pfc Marley would write while he was on mess duty. He had been peeling onions when he wrote it. The tear-stained verse was ominous:

"Xmas comes again this year,
But I don't think of
Guinevere.
Me, I'm just a galley stooge,
Merry Xmas, Sgt. Scrooge."

The card could mean only one thing: Marley, after 17 years, had finally wised-up. He had found out what Scrooge had done to him. And Marley was the kind of guy who'd get revenge. Ground glass in the gravy. Arsenic in the apple sauce. Scrooge played safe. He didn't go to chow that night.

IT happened at taps. Scrooge had no explanation for the incident. Afterward, looking back on the evening, he realized that his brain had been overworked. As usual when people spoke to him, he had told them to drop dead, but he hadn't put any feeling into it. That alone should have warned him that he was cracking up. The problem was to get rid of Marley. The meanest thing you could do to a jerk

like Marley would be to send him to law school at Port Hueneme. Scrooge wrestled with the practical dirty tricks involved in swinging such a deal. As taps sounded he had it worked out. He was sitting on his sack preparing for sleep when an overpowering smell of onions filled the room. A pair of faded khaki trousers staggered through the bulkhead and halted in front of him.

"Hey, Scrooge," they said.
"Gug!"
"Sssh," said the pants. "It's me. Marley."
"Gulp."

"Well, don't sit there like a bump on a pickle. Say something."
Scrooge gingerly touched the trousers. He peered inside them. They were empty, except for some equally empty skivvy drawers. The trousers indignantly jerked away from him.

"Leggo. I'm a ghost," they said.
"Are you dead, Marley," asked Scrooge, hoarsely.

"Naw. I'm half dead."
"Is that why you're only half here?"
"My spirit is broken," hiccuped Marley, drunkenly. "Wait. Lemme try the top half."

The ghostly trousers disappeared. They were replaced at once by a mustache, undoubtedly Marley's, a bulbous nose, and a sleeve with four hashmarks and a Pfc stripe. "I ain't got the hang of it yet," Marley apologized. "I

come over here to warn you, Scrooge. If you don't change your ways, you'll git busted. You'll wind up a Pfc like me."

"Ha," said Scrooge. "There's not a living thing can change me!"

"That's what they said," giggled Marley. "But they ain't alive."

"Who ain't?"

"THE spooks. Three of 'em. Nice fellas, too. Do 'em a favor and act scared when they come around. They ain't used to Marines."

"Marley," said Scrooge positively, "You're fried."

"Well, I've communed with all kinds of spirits tonight," admitted Marley happily. "There won't be any brandy left for the mince meat tomorrow."

"Nobody believes in . . ."

The room was empty.

" . . . ghosts," continued Scrooge.

He tried three times to laugh. Then he dived into the sack, pulled the covers over his head and tried to calm himself. He hadn't had any chow—that was the answer. Chances were that he'd have some more bad dreams. He resolved not to make a fool of himself in the next nightmare . . .

He awoke with a musty, moldy, long-dead smell under his nose. He sneezed forcibly.

The ghost sitting on his chest was driven through two bulkheads and into the shower room beyond. Scrooge heard

it fumbling about in the plumbing and heard its yell of dismay as it turned on the cold water by mistake. It came back and stood dripping and shivering beside his sack.

"Boo," it said, half-heartedly.

"Where's your chit?" demanded Scrooge.

"I—I don't have one."

"You got a nerve coming to a supply sergeant without a chit. Git lost."

"I'm the Ghost of Xmas Past."

Scrooge yawned and turned over. "Tell it to the chaplain."

And the ghost went away.

Some time later the covers were yanked away from Scrooge's face.

Scrooge grabbed the edge of the blanket and hauled it back. A grim tug of war followed. Scrooge released his hold suddenly and the blanket shot over the end of the sack. Something hard clattered to the deck. There was a dry rattling sound beneath the bunk. A scrabbling and scraping. Presently a set of shining teeth leered at Scrooge over the foot of the sack.

"I've lost my left tibia and points South," said the teeth. "Not that it matters." It rose to its full height in its long black opera cape. "You must come with me!"

Scrooge smiled at the poor creature's simplicity. "Lad, I been in this outfit too long to be snowed. If you git me outa this sack, you'll have to take me feet first."

"Very well," it said.

Seizing Scrooge by one big toe, it leaped through the bulkhead, rose rapidly to an altitude of 7000 feet, and calmly dropped him. Scrooge had fallen well over a mile before the ghost caught him by the skivvys and inquired: "Are you ready to review your past Xmases?"

"Sure," said Scrooge, agreeably. "I thought you was kidding."

Beginning with the time Scrooge got his first tricycle (A neighbor boy traded it to him for two gumdrops and a twisted arm) the spirit and Scrooge watched the past unfold. It was like seeing a bad movie twice.

In Shanghai, in 1933, Scrooge saw himself as a corporal. Corporal Marley was his best buddy then. Both of them were striking for sergeant, and there was only one billet open. Marley looked like a cinch. Then one night, just before Scrooge was to go on duty, Fezziwig the sergeant of the guard passed the word along that the OD was going to pull a locker inspection—looking for booze. Scrooge beat it back to the barracks, grabbed the liquor bottles out of his locker, and looked for a hiding place. He found one. Marley got busted and drew 90 days in the poogie.

Then, much later, Scrooge watched

himself in action in a very familiar apartment.

"Get a load of this dialogue," snickered the ghost.

Guinevere and Scrooge sat under the mistletoe.

"Your eyes are like tormented moonlight," he whispered, panting on her shoulder.

"Oh, Beezer, you say the darlinest things." Miss Schmaltz cracked her gum and clung to her zipper. "Are you really gonna help Meat-head get another stripe?"

"Cuddleup," whispered Scrooge as he launched another flank attack, "I come over here special to discuss Marley's promotion. Relax . . ."

Scrooge tugged at the ghost's dried and polished elbow. "Let's go."

"NOW, Beezer-boy," laughed the spirit "We'll miss the best part. The part where Marley comes back early and you sprain your ankle jumping out the bathroom window . . ."

"Awright," snapped Scrooge. "I admit everything. So what? I fouled up Marley. I took his name off the promotion list. I stole his woman. Now what happens?"

"Nothing. The important thing is that you realize what a heel you are." And with that Scrooge was returned to the Staff NCO quarters.

He had barely taken the chill off his

goose pimples when another ghost swooped out of the laundry bag. It was at least eight feet tall.

"I suppose you're the ghost of Xmas Present," said Scrooge.

No, mortal. I am the Ghost of Xmas Future!"

"What happened to Xmas Present?"

"A guy like you doesn't deserve one," said the spirit.

Scrooge put up a squawk. "Since this is all a dream, I might as well have the full treatment."

The ghost scratched its head, which it carried under one arm. "Very well. One look, then, at the beautiful contagion of the Xmas spirit among the lowest of the low . . ."

The bulkhead dissolved and Scrooge found himself looking into the peon's barracks. Tiny Tim, lying on his sack and reading a comic book, was busily stuffing caramels into his mouth. He ate them without removing the cellophane. His huge spatulate feet rested on the foot rail, and as he chewed the candy, his ears wiggled at one end and his enormous toes at the other.

Beyond Tim a happy group of peons nipped at a jug of cider.

"Now," said Bob Cratchit. "Drink to the meanest man in the world; a man who bites babies and kicks old ladies; a man unfit for human companionship; a man . . ."

"I ain't" (continued on page 54)



Tiny ate caramels without taking off the cellophane

He wanted to lead a company but
Destiny gave him wings, a
flour sack and a load of TNT . . .
results: The Divebomber



Brigadier General Lawson Harry McPherson Sanderson



Marine airmen during the 30s competed in air races and helped prove the airplane's importance. Sanderson, center,

and such fliers as Christian F. Schilt, left center, and the late Ross E. Rowell, right center, shattered speed records

Sanderson Saga

by Sgt. William Morris

Leatherneck Staff Writer

THE bushwhacking bout between Marines and the marauding gun- gels of Haiti may have been a mere skirmish by World War II stand- ards, but during that fracas in this cen- tury's teens a young Marine pilot dis- covered a revolutionary method of aer- ial attack.

The critical situation in Haiti arose when the Central American racketeer —a brown-skinned killer named Charle- magne Peralte—gathered a mob and started looting everything within sight or hearing. Sliding in on the coat tails of War I, Peralte took advantage of tangled world affairs and began a campaign to oust Americans from his country.

The First Provisional Marine Brigade was formed and detailed to the Do- minican Republic. A small air detach- ment accompanied the ground forces. As the fight grew in the tropical country horizontal bombing tactics became im- practical. Lines were too close and the inaccuracy of the bombing threatened to kill nearly as many Marines as ban- dits. The young lieutenant came up with a device nearly as weird as a Rube

Goldberg invention. He fastened a flour sack to the undercarriage of his plane, stuck a bomb in the sack, secured the loose end of the unconventional rack with a long line extending to the cock- pit, and was off for the hills.

Over an area of particularly heavy opposition, he and his wingmen peeled off to come headlong at the bandit gun nests. To the bandits watching the air- borne business, the planes appeared to be out of control. Peralte's killers prob- ably licked their chops at the prospect of stripping the crashed planes and dis- emboweling the hapless fliers.

But something went wrong for the bandits. As the pullouts of the dives were punctuated with deafening blasts, a king-sized group of the bandits had fought their last campaign. The dive bomber was born.

That same flying lieutenant who in- vented dive bombing has come up through a military career to the one star bracket. He is Brigadier General Lawson Harry McPherson Sanderson, Air FMF Lant, Second Marine Air Wing based at Cherry Point, North Carolina.

The Sanderson Saga started one day when he was 12 years old. Sandy was sitting in an open boat in the middle of a small Washington lake. His fingers were chilled by a cold Northwest wind. He wondered if a deer would come within range. Far up the valley, the older men had staked out good, dry spots from which they could blast hap- less bucks out of this world. The east- ern Washington hunting custom placed younger lads at the tail end of the veni- son search. And at that moment, Sandy's tail end was cold.

Something smashed through the thicket near the lake. The boy looked up and saw a large buck sniffing the air. Sandy checked himself, looked around for other hunters, and sighted in on a vulnerable spot behind the ani- mal's shoulder. He scored a hit, but before he could row over to his prize, another deer loomed up on the other side of the lake. Sandy had a field day. He brought down two that day while Shelton's saltier but empty- handed Nimrods talked about his un- canny marksmanship.

Then to college: He played in the

TURN PAGE 27

THE SANDERSON SAGA (cont.)

backfield for the University of Washington, and in 1915 transferred to Missoula and the University of Montana. The team burning up the gridirons that year was Syracuse University. The New Yorkers were knocking off teams from coast to coast. During one of their tours West, the Montana eleven was on their schedule.

The day of the game was as foul as any spawned in the Northwest. Following a brief warm up, the field turned into a bog. As the game whipped through the first half, Syracuse took a six point lead. During the last quarter someone fumbled deep in Montana territory. Sandy scooped up the ball, slashed his way through the entire Eastern squad for a touchdown and made the extra point. Montana had humbled the mighty Syracuse.

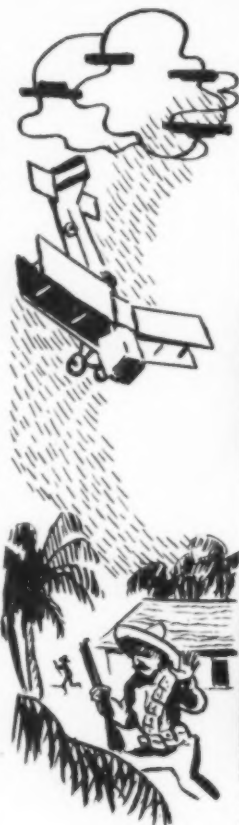
But for the grace of God and a fast infield, Sanderson would have been a captain of Marines at the head of his own infantry company. His outdoor life in Washington did not take the flying machine too much into account. How his plowshare struck a prop is interesting.

In September, 1917, Sandy joined the Corps as a private. He arose to the time-honored rate of gunnery sergeant and was on his way to officers' training when an order was dispatched to all units for some men to attend flight school. Sandy was selected and he groaned mightily until his CO explained that he could be an officer and a pilot. That cooled his slow burn, but aviation in those days in his words, amounted to "some damn fool taking off and getting killed when he came down." He went to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology at Boston for ground school training and to the Marine Flying Field at Miami for the flight syllabus.

Sandy continued his football exploits in the Corps achieving fame during the Rose Bowl game in 1919. He played with the Mare Island Marines and helped sack the highly-touted Army team, 20-6.

Following Sanderson's dive bombing innovation in Haiti he hopped from base to base, practicing his begotten tactics of bombing until he again took his talents to Quantico's football field where he starred on one of the finest teams of the nation. During that Golden Era, Sandy was building up a reputation as one of the hottest fighter pilots in the service.

During the early 20s, following Lindbergh's solo junket to France, every township which could boast a reasonably level vacant field constructed an airport. There were insufficient planes to fill the fields, but at each airport



Sanderson poses beside the type of plane he used during the stunt exhibitions at new airfields during the roaring 20s

dedication a group of pilots would put on an air show. Sandy toured fields from Florida to his home state of Washington. At a Miami show his aerial acrobatics earned for him the title of "Mad Marine." Poems in an early *Leatherneck* hailed his feats.

In 1923 he smashed the world's record for speed in land planes. He had been after that record for two years. His plane roared over the Pulitzer race course at St. Louis at 287 miles per hour.

THE Nicaraguan campaign gathered momentum after his Missouri race. His air unit was ordered South to try its luck against El Chipote, the bandit fortress of Sandino.

The rugged terrain of the country was one of the first things which Sandy was to know first hand. One day in 1930 he was on a reconnaissance flight. His plane developed engine trouble. He landed in the Yeluga mountain district which had been the scene, a few years before, of a heroic rescue by a young lieutenant, now Brigadier General Christian F. Schilt. A wing was smashed during the let down. The hills surrounding the landing area were crawling with Sandino's bandits. The bandit leader had sworn to kill every

American in Nicaragua. There was only one way out of the jungle. Walk out. Sandy picked up his gear and legged it back to his base.

Consensus of opinion was that the plane was washed out. No one could get it out, much less repair the wings. The idea of sending infantrymen in to bring the craft out piece by piece was discarded. Sandy believed he could fly another wing to the scene, make the necessary repairs and fly the crippled ship back to the base field.

His fellow pilots doubted that his scheme would work as they watched him lash a wing to the side of the fuselage. He flew back to the scene of his crash, made the repairs, and flew the crippled ship home. For this feat, Sanderson was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross by the Marine Corps Major General Commandant Wendell C. Neville.

Shortly after the Nicaraguan episode, the nation's fliers were setting records for long distance seaplane flights. So, Sandy asked permission to go on one of his own in a land-based DeHavilland. The Director of the Division of Aviation then was Colonel Tom C. Turner. Sandy got the "go-ahead" on his project. In fact, Col. Turner wanted to go along!

Sanderson tooled one plane and a Lieutenant Basil Bradley flew the other DH4A. Sandy's observer was Gunnery Sergeant "Salty" Rucker, and Col. Turner rode the rear seat in the other plane.

The route was charted from Washington, D. C., to Miami, then Camaguey Bay, Cuba, to Guantanamo Bay and on to Port au Prince with Santo Domingo the final destination. Their life-saving gear consisted of a few inflated inner tubes. The trip ended, however, at Port au Prince a distance of approximately 1700 miles.

It was the longest flight of land planes of that type over water. The trip went smoothly in spite of the fact that there were two plane loads of doubting Thomases when the U. S. shoreline disappeared and the water of the Caribbean loomed limitless.

Navigation was sketchy after the young pilots left the American coast. They wondered if they were headed in the right direction—after traveling a half-hour from the shoreline!

Close calls, however, were part of Sanderson's career. Marine fliers during that Golden Era were bent on excitement. It was during this period that flying through hangars was always good for laughs. Peeling off from a formation and skimming the waves under a bridge was unofficially typical of these young men.

"Why, hell," Sanderson said, "during air races we seldom wore chutes—when a guy did we thought he was a sissy." But Sandy would have been thankful for a chute on some occasions—one time in particular, when he was flying a Wright racer in the Pulitzer races at St. Clair near Detroit in 1922.

It started like any other race, but as the competition got tougher and men were straining their small, fast crafts to the limit and beyond, Sandy's plane caught fire. He was at an altitude too low to use a chute. That didn't make any difference; he hadn't brought one along, anyway. His only way out was to climb for altitude and then set the little inferno down in the water.

He had to slip the plane so that the flames wouldn't cremate him in the cockpit. And as he neared the lake it looked as though the plane would lack the necessary soup to reach the water. The plane could have blown up at any time during its approach to the lake.

But as the plane struck the surface it turned turtle and in a split second Sanderson was underneath the plane. He fought for what seemed like hours to get out of the watery cockpit and to the surface. Just as his life began to parade before him he broke free and managed to make it to the bank where he collapsed, exhausted.

THAT would have cured some pilots of flying, or at least racing. But not Sandy.

In the early 30s, he and another pilot entered the Cleveland National Air Races. His wingman was William O. Brice, today a brigadier general and Assistant Director of the Division of Aviation.

The crowd's excitement was fed by the fast, cut down racers. As the planes zoomed around pylons, the spectators wondered if there would be a crackup. Sanderson and Brice were circling a pylon when they collided. Sanderson's right wing was sheered off

and snapped back into his cockpit. The people in the stands were on their feet. Every time Sandy tried to climb out of the spinning plane the wing would knock him back. Finally he got out only to have his chute caught on the tail. He swung around in the air like a trapeze performer. The plane continued in a flat spin and was losing altitude fast.

To this day he doesn't know if his chute saved him; the next thing he remembered was that he was on the ground standing up and watching Brice's chute slowly descending. Brice told Sandy later that he was half-afraid to look at the wreckage as he was coming down because it looked like Sanderson went straight into the Ohio sod.

The decade of the 30s held a jinx for Sanderson. Sanderson was taking off from Philadelphia on an extended flight when his landing gear was knocked off. The ground crew flashed emergency messages along the Atlantic seaboard. Air Corps bases and naval stations were alerted to be on the lookout for a plane in trouble.

He flew around the general area of Philadelphia to burn excess gas. When he arrived over Aberdeen Air Corps base he made a pass at the field to drop his money and valuables. Then set the craft on the water undamaged.

As one of America's leading fighter pilots and racing authorities, he was invited to represent the United States in international competition at Vincennes, France. About this time in world affairs, the infamous Reichstag elections were held in Germany. Hitler was slowly taking over the reins of government from Paul Hindenburg.

One day a smallish man with a foreign accent came out to the flight line where Sanderson and a group of other pilots were preparing to practice dive bombing tactics. He introduced himself as Ernest Udet, and provided the proper identification and letters of official sanction to observe their unit. He had heard about the fabulous exploits of the dive bombing aircraft and wanted to see and learn as much as he could. He was fairly well known as a pilot, and had flown wing for Baron von Richtofen, Germany's leading ace in World War I.

Udet stayed around the air unit for a short time and when he felt he had learned enough, he left for his homeland. He reported back to Hermann Goering. Later the Stuka was born—the same airplane that helped neutralize Holland in a few hours, shocked the fight out of Czechoslovakia in a day, and had practically all of Central Europe on their knees in a few months. It utilized the same principle which Sanderson had used (continued on page 55)



In 1930 Sandy smashed a wing during an emergency in Nicaragua. He won the DFC when he flew a wing to the scene, made repairs and flew the cripple back

WITEK'S WIZARDS

Marines swept the softball league on Guam, then they took the Far East title

by Sgt. Robert W. Tallent

Leatherneck Staff Writer

CAMP Witek, Guam, champs of the "coconut circuit", known in Navy athletic circles as the Far East softball league, forwarded its All-Star aggregation to San Diego for the Pacific playoffs and a shot at the All-Navy championship last September. Although the Far East softball laurels rest lightly on the brows of the 18 Marines and three Sailors, and the two-foot high trophy glistens on its shelf at FMF headquarters there, the ripest plum of victory for the rockbound Marines was the trip Stateside.

Coach-pitcher, Lt. E. Y. Holt, Jr., led his players to the Guam Inter-Command championship, finishing up in mid-June by winning 14 games against four losses. It was in the hits and runs department that the power of the Marine squad was most apparent. Although the last two contests were won by forfeits, the Witeks amassed a total of 117 hits and 99 runs and gave their opponents but 54 scores off 65 hits. Pfc Herman J. McCasland topped his teammates with a lusty .347 batting average. The next leading hitter on the squad, Corporal Donald D. Hastings, poled a respectable .281.

Corporal W. S. Singleton and Coach Holt split the mound duties for the team during the Inter-Command race. Holt won six and lost one, the two forfeits being tacked on his record when Singleton was called home on an emergency leave prior to the last two games. Singleton, up to that time, had six wins and three losses to his credit.

Fielding is always a hazardous chore in the coconut league. Hard slugged grounders are liable to carom off coral chunks, switching velocity and direction, or they'll spin to a slow stop, quarter-bedded in the island's loosely-packed red loam. Pick-up ace for the champs, third sacker Mervyn G. Mexico, by his heads-up ball playing at the keystone bag, helped keep the team on top of the league.

With the Navy Inter-Command win salted away, the FMF team augmented its squad by adding Sailors James

Garbinski, Jack E. Hutchinson, both moundsmen, and outfielder Robert L. Proffit from the Island Shore Facilities. Hutchinson is generally conceded to be the top softball pitcher in the Far East area. While readying for the Marianas championship play-off, the Witeks suddenly had the crown dumped in their lap by another forfeit. With only the Philippine team between them and the Far East title, the Guam All-Stars launched a rigorous training program which included eight exhibition games and these added eight consecutive wins to the Witek's string of 14. Two of the victories were over the Army 77th Ordnance Base Depot which was leading the Army loop at the Northern end of the island. Coach Holt used Garbinski and Hutchinson for the eight starts and they held down all comers allowing only 20 hits and 23 runs while the All-Stars cashed in 68 hits and 72 counters.

The Philippine champions hit Guam

for the three-out-of-five game series shortly before July 13. As usual they informed everyone who would lend an ear about what a small hapless outfit they were, and how they almost failed to produce a full team for the series until luckily another man was transferred to the command just before time to leave for the play-offs. Then they went out and thumped the All-Stars 7-3 on the FMF home field. Fleming of the Philippines was credited with the win. He allowed five hits as did losing pitcher Lt. James D. Hill, (Hill was substituted for Singleton who was still on leave). The All-Stars finished the game with one error more than the three made by the Philippines.

Playing at Shafer Field the next day, the All-Stars, a trifle wary of the Manila squad now, wrested a 4-1 victory from the visitors. Garbinski chucked the win giving up four safeties, while losing pitcher Blanke (*continued on page 56*)



Far East champs and their trophy; left to right, front row: Coach E. Y. Holt, Jr., Miller, Singleton, Hutchinson, Garbinski, Hill and McCray. Center: Steele, Mexico, Proffit, McCasland, Reardon and Krokocki. Top row: Manager L. Sowell, Horne, Stanley, Rourke, Martin, Estell, Brumfield and Farrell. USMC Photo

THE COMMANDANT SPEAKS TO CONGRESS

This is the
statement of
Clifton B. Cates
General, United States Marine
Corps
Commandant, U. S. Marine
Corps
Washington, D. C.
before
The Armed Services Committee
of the
House of Representatives
investigating the B-36
and related matters



Harris & Ewing Photo

Mr. Chairman and Members of the Committee:

My name is Clifton B. Cates, I am a General, United States Marine Corps and the Commandant of the Corps.

At the outset let me state that I heartily endorse the case for the Naval service so ably presented here last week by Admiral Denfeld and the Naval and Marine officers who preceded him.

Having listened with particular interest to Admiral Denfeld's magnificent summation of last Thursday I feel it appropriate to enlarge upon those matters in his statement which refer specifically to the situation now confronting the Marine Corps.

MORALE

The combat morale of the Marine Corps has not been affected adversely by events associated with the adoption of the National Security Act of 1947.

We have accepted that Act as the law of our land and have set ourselves to the task of satisfying the full measure of its requirements. In general we have found it a sound law embodying the es-

sential lessons of the war just past and providing in advance, for the probable requirements of any future conflict.

There has been no question as to the combat morale of Marines, now or in the past. I am pleased to assure you that the Marine Corps of today has the same essential character and the same great faith in itself and in this country that it displayed at Iwo Jima and other battles of World War II.

However, there does exist, within our Corps a continuous feeling of apprehension and annoyance sometimes bordering on outright indignation. We know that we exist solely as an element of the national defense. That is our business. We understand it, and we know that there is much to be done. Yet during the past two years, the time, energy and attention of our leadership has been steadily consumed by the effort necessary to resist

the inroads and incursions of those who appear unwilling to accept the verdict of Congress. A constantly increasing effort is required to withstand those who would circumvent the plain provisions of the law or extend its terms toward ends repeatedly denied by Congress.

It follows that, at a time when the great requirement within the Services is for a continuous integrated effort, uncertainty and instability are the rule. As long as this persists and the Services are kept off balance and in a constant state of flux there can be no effective organization of this nation's military potential in the manner envisaged by the National Security Act.

In the Marine Corps there is widespread apprehension that the functions assigned our Corps by law are being usurped by others. There is likewise doubt concerning the future employment

THE COMMANDANT SPEAKS—(cont.)

of Marines and a feeling among officers and non-commissioned officers alike that the value of the Marine Corps as the nation's emergency force in readiness is being overlooked to the detriment of our national security. These factors, until resolved will reflect unfavorably upon the contentment of all ranks but I wish to stress that this in no way impairs our combat morale, our efficiency or our will to fight.

Our standards of discipline and conduct are well known and well established. They were upheld throughout the difficult period of demobilization. They are too firmly founded in pride of service and love of country to be affected by a transient discouragement.

REQUIREMENT FOR A FLEET MARINE FORCE

Except in Washington, there is little controversy among the services themselves. It is only here, in the Nation's capital, that we find elements within the defense establishment still engaging in the type of activity which Congress sought to end by passage of the National Security Act.

The Congress was acting in the discharge of one of its greatest responsibilities when it enacted that law and re-established the defense structure for the post war period. The Congress acted in accordance with its best judgment, and with the full advice of the nation's civilian and military leadership.

Unfortunately, the judgment of the Congress has not been accepted by all. I believe there are those in the defense establishment who advocate quite a different system of national defense from that contemplated by the Congress. This group has used the very authority granted it under the National Security Act to evade portions of this same law of which it does not approve. In so doing it would render ineffective and meaningless the intent and purpose of the Congress. In so doing, it is striking a telling blow at our national military strength.

As Admiral Denfeld has already pointed out, the status accorded the Marine Corps, is one portion of the National Security Act which has never been accepted in all quarters. I do not question for a moment the motives or patriotism of those who deny the necessity for our continued existence. However, I do believe that they are blinding themselves to the full meaning of sea power in global warfare in their refusal to admit the necessity for land action incident to a naval campaign and to concede the position of the Fleet Marine Force as a vital part of our balanced fleet.

Historians tell us that had the British Fleet at Copenhagen in 1801 possessed an organic landing force the Napoleonic wars would have run a shorter course. In 1909 Admiral Dewey informed the Naval Affairs Committee of this House of Representatives that had he possessed a force of Marines to occupy Manila the costly and bloody Philippine Insurrection would never have occurred.

In the last war all of us recall the bitter failure of the British Navy to hold the Norwegian coast for the Allies. It was a failure stemming principally from the lack of an organic landing force within the British fleet. This lack could not be made up by the improvised, ill-trained and ill-equipped force of British infantry belatedly provided by the British War Office.

I think that these examples indicate that without a well trained landing force the fleet is not a balanced implement of warfare. In addition the forces which we maintain are possessed of great utility in augmenting the national defense—if they are permitted to do so; if they are not reduced to impotency; if they are not narrowly confined to the sea by a literal interpretation of their function. As an example of what I mean let me invite your attention to the experience of the Marine Corps since the enactment of the National Security Act.

THE MARINE CORPS UNDER THE NATIONAL SECURITY ACT

The Marine Corps emerged from the last war feeling that it had performed creditably. With the Navy it had pioneered and developed the field of amphibious warfare for the use of the entire Allied world. This new technique proved to be the key to victory on every major front in the war. It also made important contributions to the development of practical and effective methods of close air support. In addition, our own field forces played a decisive role in the reduction of the island fortresses held by the Japanese.

Thus, it came as a great surprise to find ourselves at the war's end placed almost in the capacity of a culprit or a defendant.

Three stated demands relative to the Marine Corps were made by the War Department General Staff:

First: That Marine Corps units be limited in size to the regiment and the Corps itself reduced to 50,000 to 60,000 men.

Second: That it be recognized that amphibious warfare is an Army function.

Third: That the Marine Corps not be appreciably expanded in time of war.

These proposals did not find favor with the Congress. In the National Security Act of 1947 careful provision was made to safeguard the Marine Corps, give recognition to its amphibious functions and provide for its integrated mobilization in time of war. In this way the Congress sought to nullify as specifically as words would permit each one of the General Staff's three objectives.

Yet despite the consideration extended to us by Congress I have to inform you that the Army General Staff group today stands within measurable distance of achieving each one of its three ends against the Marine Corps despite the provisions of the law.

As the new institutions authorized by Congress for the coordination of the national defense began to function, it became apparent that a statutory safeguard, such as the Congress had given us, is not a refuge at all but a battle position which must be defended in full force.

A defense is not easy when you lack voice, vote and information.

On the Joint Chiefs of Staff level, the Marine Corps is not accorded membership; moreover, it is not directly represented at the level of the operational deputies commonly termed the "little" Joint Chiefs. The making of strategic plans is carried on essentially by a system of three-member committees from which Marines again are excluded. In the numerous powerful committees set up under the Secretary of Defense to administer the new law there is likewise little or no representation for the Marine Corps.

For example, fundamental questions relating to our weapons and equipment are being passed on by an evaluation group comprising five Army, five Navy and five Air Force officers. We likewise hold no important posts or assignments under the new Department of Defense and have no general officers serving on that level in any capacity.

As to budgetary matters we have only the recourse of a formal and futile reclama.

We thus lack adequate representation in matters of vital concern both to the Corps itself and to the national Defense. Under the present system for example, matters affecting the conduct and methods of amphibious warfare may be decided out of hand by officers having no appreciable background or experience while the thoroughly grounded representatives of the Corps which fostered and developed the art are barred from expressing an opinion.

In the aggregate these are crippling handicaps. In my attempts to overcome them I have even been informed in effect that the Marine Corps is not entitled to separate recognition even in matters of vital and particular concern because it is not a Service.

The Marine Corps is a Service. Congress made it a Service in 1798, and has consistently recognized it as such. The National Security Act of 1947 definitely reaffirms this view of the Congress. To compare the Marine Corps with a Bureau of the Navy or a Corps of the Army is simply not in accordance with the law.

The Marine Corps, because of its size, does not expect the detailed inclusion and consideration extended to the larger Services. But there are times when it must be represented directly on matters vital to its function. This opportunity is being denied us.

I go into this only to show why it is that from our submerged position at the bottom of this vast administrative structure it is difficult to maintain the status accorded us by Congress.

It would not be difficult to present a bill of particulars of imposing length. I am far more interested in showing you where, through injury to the Marine Corps, substantial harm has been done to the national defense itself.

BUDGETARY REDUCTIONS IN COMBAT STRENGTH

I refer specifically to what has been happening to our Fleet Marine Forces. These are the organized combat units of the Marine Corps, including both

ground and air, which have long served as this country's emergency force in readiness. They and their forerunners are the only forces this country has ever maintained over the years in a literal state of momentary readiness for embarkation. In the past, they have been called upon time and again to intervene in situations where speed and mobility were paramount. Iceland in 1941 and Guadalcanal in 1942 are typical modern examples of the vital emergency role played by such Marine Corps forces. In view of the enormously increased scope of this nation's international responsibilities, I am convinced that there is even greater likelihood of a recurrence of need for such emergency forces, poised and ready to proceed in company with the fleet to the scene of crisis. That is the essential peacetime mission of our Fleet Marine Forces.

Each Fleet Marine Force—and there is one on each coast—is a closely integrated force now consisting of a Marine Division and a Marine Air Wing both at reduced strength. They are air-ground teams, developed during the war when we perfected the method of coordinating the striking power of air and ground forces intimately in a new form of attack. Incidentally, we think this new type organization points the way to one of the revolutionary developments in the history of warfare; that it will provide in effective measure that all-essential "aid from the sky," without which the man on the ground will be unable to move forward on the battlefield of tomorrow.

To reduce the peacetime Fleet Marine Force to elements smaller than our standard combination of divisions and wings would lower its effectiveness and striking power out of all proportion to any compensating economy of money or manpower. Yet this is precisely what is occurring through what appears to me to be a budgetary device designed to accomplish the first and most important of the Army General Staff's three objectives.

That is, that it be reduced in size to 50,000 or 60,000 men and limited to units no larger than a regiment.

When the National Security Act was passed, the Marine Corps' authorized strength was 100,000 men. In the ensuing years, our actual strength has been reduced progressively from 85,000 in fiscal year 1947 to 67,000 at the end of fiscal year 1950. This represents a net cut of one-third and we absorbed these earlier cuts by stringent interior economy. We were already assigning a remarkably high percentage of our strength as actual combat troops, and I was reluctant to cut into this bone and muscle of the Marine Corps. I insisted instead that the cuts be absorbed as far as possible by the overhead and service side of the Corps. By great effort, we continued to provide the size field force which I regarded as the bare minimum for our mission.

Hereafter, however, no such course of action will be permitted. It is not merely to be a question of cuts in men and money—although they are severe enough. We are being told in detail—and told by the Department of Defense—*where and how* those cuts are to be made—by strik-

ing into the heart of our combat forces. By specifically reducing—over my strongest objections—the number of battalions in the Fleet Marine Forces to the point where our two Marine divisions will no longer be the effective forces of the combined arms which the Congress enjoined us to maintain. By specifically and drastically reducing the number of our close support air squadrons to a figure far below what I would for a moment regard as the barest minimum requisite for our mission.

This is a severe and telling blow; a blow which can destroy a valuable and highly professional fighting force. I cannot agree that a cut so pointedly directed at reducing the combat strength of this highly effective organization is an economy. I ask the members of this committee to take note that when this is accomplished the Army General Staff's first specific objective with regard to the Marine Corps will have been accomplished to the letter and despite the express provision of the law.

I know of no similar proportionate reductions in combat units which have been proposed in the case of either the Army or the Air Force. It is therefore difficult to visualize the strategic considerations which require such a drastic reduction in the number of Marine Corps combat organizations alone. It is to be noted, however, that the same sources that compute the strategic requirements likewise compute the size and character of the forces required to fulfill them. This device is difficult to combat, particularly since war planning is necessarily a matter of the greatest secrecy and one in which the Commandant of the Marine Corps is not generally invited to participate.

I likewise entertain well warranted fears that it is planned to employ such forces as will remain to us not on their intended mission but scattered in minor units around the world assigned to duties which ignore their special training and unique offensive capabilities.

The possibilities for manipulation to the detriment of the Marine Corps by those holding the controls are obvious. In this connection I cannot refrain from the observation that any strategic thinking which so studiously eliminates the nation's only emergency force in readiness is, at the least, grossly unrealistic. We are confronted with the possibility of a war in which our opponent would hold the initiative. We must prepare to meet his moves with promptness and with whatever force we can muster. Circumstances alone will restrict us to a series of "damage control" operations against the time when we can grapple with him somewhere on the outer fringes.

Under such circumstances there is nothing clearer than this: Our plans must be flexible; our forces must be ready, mobile and assembled. Never have circumstances placed a greater premium on these very qualities which are so characteristic of our Fleet Marine Forces and our balanced Fleet.

Let us not forget that in World War II, troops from the Fleet Marine Force occupied Iceland because no others were

prepared to move and later defeated the Japanese at Guadalcanal at a time when Army divisions, although present in the Pacific, were not ready to undertake an offensive mission. The Fleet Marine Forces as elements of the balanced fleet were ready for these emergencies.

Although I am sure that the Congress expects the Marine Corps to continue its amphibious mission, I am equally certain that elsewhere there is a contrary intention. It will be recalled that the second War Department General Staff objective relative to the Marine Corps was that it be recognized that future amphibious operations be undertaken by the Army.

The Congress, in 1947, took quite a different view. They recognized the naval character of amphibious warfare and to resolve the doubt, if one existed, provided specifically for the amphibious status of Marines.

This became the law of our land but it has not been accepted. At Key West where the National Security Act was implemented there was an unremitting effort to deprive the Marine Corps of the status which the Congress had given it. This was successfully resisted at the time but the underlying effort to contravene the act of Congress has never subsided. Even today, as Admiral Denfeld pointed out last Thursday, fresh proposals to transfer and reassign our functions have been made. The proposals are not suggestions that the matter of which the Army General Staff disapproves be placed before the Congress for reconsideration. Far from it, they represent proposals that the Army, Navy and Air Force themselves enter into an agreement now, to revise functions assigned by the Congress.

One proposal would limit Marines to participation only in combat operations at sea or in what the authors refer to as a "sea" campaign. From past experience and from other indications, I can only assume that the proposal is intended to be interpreted in its literal sense. It would reduce the function assigned us by Congress to a meaningless absurdity.

This is verified by two additional matters of particular interest. The first is that the Army is maintaining specialist amphibious organizations not required in the conduct of land warfare and has directed the organization of additional units. I have no objection to make if the Army wishes to maintain forces similar to our Fleet Marine Forces. I do wish to point out, however, that if any element of duplication is involved it cannot be attributed to the Marine Corps, and cannot be advanced in the future as a reason for eliminating our Fleet Marine Forces.

I think it also pertinent to inform you that for the current fiscal year at least, there will be no opportunity for our Fleet Marine Forces to participate in Major Fleet Exercises. Substantially the entire allocation of amphibious training facilities available for training afloat has been preempted for the use of the Army to the exclusion of the Marine Corps. Our state of training and experience render this of little

(continued on page 59)

KNOW YOUR LEADERS

BY SGT. JAMES S. THOMPSON

Leatherneck Staff Writer

MAJOR General John T. Walker, presently Director of Personnel at Marine Corps Headquarters, Washington, D. C., has served the Corps with 32 years of varied and colorful duty.

As a colonel, he led the assault against the island of Engebi. In the fierce hand-to-hand fighting which followed, his organization, the Twenty-second Marines, killed approximately 1000 Japanese of the defending garrison and effected the reduction and capture of the island in six hours.

Four days later, Walker's regiment attacked Japanese Army Headquarters for the Eniwetok area on Parry Island, where an additional 1000 Japs were destroyed in desperate close-in fighting before the island was captured. For these exploits, Gen. Walker received the Navy Cross. His citation reads:

"By his gallantry in action, his courageous and forceful leadership and his calm disregard for his own personal safety under terrific fire of the enemy, Colonel Walker was directly instrumental in neutralizing an important hostile stronghold."

Gen. Walker entered the Marine Corps in May, 1917. A month later he sailed for France where he served with the famous Fifth Marine Regiment. In April of the following year he returned to the States to become an instructor at the Bayonet School, Overseas Depot, at Quantico.

The two decades following World War I provided Gen. Walker with a background of valuable experience.

From 1920 to 1922 he was assigned to duty in the Dominican Republic. After attending the Company Officers Course at the Marine Corps Schools, Quantico, Va., he became Commanding Officer of the Marine Detachment, *USS West Virginia*. Upon conclusion of his sea duty he became an instructor at the Basic School in Philadelphia, and in 1932 joined the Constabulary Detachment of the Garde d' Haiti.

Shortly before this country's entry into World War II, Gen. Walker was assigned as Assistant Naval Attache, London, and later was ordered to Cairo, Egypt, as a naval observer. On his return to this country in December, 1941, he joined the Second Marine Division as Operations Officer.

Gen. Walker was named Chief of Staff of the First Provisional Brigade in March, 1944, and participated in the landing and subsequent recapture of Guam in July and August, 1944. For this action he was awarded the Legion of Merit.

He served as Chief of Staff, Sixth Division during its organization in the South Pacific.

He returned to the United States in December, 1944, and became Assistant

Director of Personnel, Headquarters Marine Corps, a position he held until May, 1945. Again he joined the Second Marine Division as Assistant Division Commander, this time on Saipan. Upon termination of hostilities the Second Division went to Japan where in February, 1946, Walker was named Division Commander. Four months later he assumed the duties of Deputy Commander of the Marine Training and Replacement Command, San Diego Area, Camp Pendleton. In September, 1946, Gen. Walker was appointed Commanding General of the Third Marine Brigade at Camp Pendleton, a command he held until July, 1946, when he became Commanding General, Troop Training Unit, Amphibious Training Command, Pacific Fleet.

Then he served as Assistant Division Commander of the First Division until February '48. From February until August in 1948 he was Commanding General, Troop Training Unit, Training Command, Pacific.

Gen. Walker was detached on July 15, 1949, to become Director of Personnel, Marine Corps Headquarters. He assumed that position on September 1, 1949.

END



Major General John T. Walker

All-Navy BASEBALL

**There was no joy in Quantico, for the mighty
Marines had finally lost out**



**PHOTOS BY
PFC C. E. GARWOOD**

USMC Photographer

by Sgt. Robert Tallent

Leatherneck Staff Writer

QUANTICO'S baseball team took a back seat in the All-Navy series this year. It was an unaccustomed position for "Hap" Spuhler and the dynamic nine that had gunned two straight series wins over Navy teams in '47 and '48.

Against the Submarines Pacific Fleet, they played the same rough want-to-win ball that they had in the other two, happier series. They gave Honolulu baseball fans the greatest games ever seen on the island of Oahu, but they didn't win the 1949 All-Navy Championship.

A lot of excuses can be made for a team which wins 92 games and drops 20 against both service and civilian teams in one season. In the case of Quantico and the 1949 series there is even more latitude in this respect. But there can be no doubt that Lieutenant "Trader" Horn's heavily augmented SubPacs were the stronger team.

In the four games played of the three-out-of-five series, Quantico won the first and dropped the next three games in succession. The Marines were

→
An attempted pick-off at first base puts Gerry Donovan in a spin trying to dodge Sub-man Jim Hodges's glove

in there battling every inning, every play, and they didn't let up until Quantico backstop Don Niedringhaus's long fly into deep left field was pulled down for the final out of the series. As big, power-hitting Dave Petros said the final day, "We tried, but we just didn't have it."

After humbling teams throughout the Eastern States, Quantico stumbled into a disastrous, season's end batting famine. Consistent hitters like Adam Gruca, .335, before the series, Don Niedringhaus .312, and "Rusty" Gates, .367, were all too frequently starved out at the plate in Honolulu Stadium.

Opening day, September 12th, was semi-cloudy with a brisk, unrelenting wind blowing diagonally across left field into right. More than 8000 fans



Quantico's Ralph Russo skids into base in the third series game while Lou Townes, SubPac third baseman, glumly waits for a belated right field throw



TURN PAGE 35

ALL-NAVY BASEBALL (cont.)

crowded into the grandstand and overflowed into the bleachers. Captain Jim Pope went to the mound for the Marines. He had beaten SubPac in the final game of the 1948 series. Opposing him was Jim Quattlebaum, "Trader" Horn's veteran moundsman.

Ralph Russo, Quantico's lightning shortstop, wasted no time nailing the first hit of the series. In the Quantico part of the first, with one out, he hit a hard grounder into centerfield. A double play however, squelched the Quantico scoring hopes.

SubPac drew first blood in the second frame. Lou Townes, batting in the cleanup spot, bounced a 350 foot drive into the left field fence for a triple. Jim McClung, following Townes, hit deep to right field for two bases and Townes romped home. Pope went to work, and sent the next two batters back to the dugout. He gave Meacham a walk, then fanned Quattlebaum to end the Dolphin threat.

The Subs bounced back in the third inning, after Russo, Gruca, and Donovan set up a neat 6-4-3 double play on Submen Gonzalez and Sauvageau. Roy Petinak, Sub outfielder, knocked a two bagger against the fence. With Petinak in scoring position, Lou Townes hit a long-distance fly into deep center field. Rusty Gates went way back after it, got his glove on the ball but couldn't hold it. Petinak scored and Townes reached third. McClung



Quantico's lone score in the last game was a circuit clout by Cal Killeen. Sub pitcher Mooney tried to get a fast ball past Cal in the fourth inning

tried Gates again with another one in center field but Gates didn't miss. The Subs took the field two runs in front.

Quantico took over the lead in the next inning. Gerry Donovan made two bases when the first baseman, Jim Hodges, a Coast Guard product, didn't stoop low enough for Donovan's baseline drive. Chuck Samis, the next batter, walloped a grounder right through shortstop Sauvageau's fingers. Donovan went to third on the error.

Dave Petros brought Donovan home with a safe hit to center field. Quantico's third sacker, George Farrell, unlimbered on Quattlebaum's second toss and Sauvageau let another drive go through his glove. Samis shot across the plate when the Subs left fielder followed Sauvageau's example and fumbled the catch. Don Niedringhaus, up after Gruca was called out at first, brought Petros in on a two-bagger that punished the left field enclosure. The next two Quantico batters failed and the Easterners went to the field one run ahead of the Pacific.

Ralph Russo, leading off in the top of the fifth got another big first and clinched the win for Quantico with a 325-foot homer over the right field fence. In the same inning, Petros got a fat-one from Quattlebaum and sent the ball soaring 340 feet into the left field bleachers for another round trip. Quantico was 5-2 in front going out to the field.

They kept their lead until the bottom of the ninth, when the Subs scored one run and had enough runners on base to send the game into overtime. A double play and a high fly into left field however, wrecked the Subs' hopes. Quantico had won the opener, 5-3.

Frank Wall, husky, blond Quantico moundsman started for the Marines next day. He warmed up as 10,000 spectators listened to the music of the Marine and Navy bands. Wall had one bad inning that day, and that was a brass studded diller. It was the opening frame.

Two walks, with a strikeout sandwiched between, then an error loaded the bases with one out. Next, a wild



Sub hero "Hap" Ivey gets free transportation out of the park after busting up the third game. He put one over the fence with bases full in the eleventh



Pete Cherinko gets a handclasp and a floral field scarf, compliments of the Navy greeting committee, upon leaving the plane at Barber's Point airfield

pitch! Gonzalez scored, but McClung, the batter, on the next pitch, fouled out to Donovan at first. Big Jim Hodges was up, he got a right field Texas leaguer. Two more runs scored. Howard Ivey, who should have been a Marine, came to bat and polled a home run that had an altitude of about 12 feet as it cleared the 320-foot mark on the right field wall. Meacham's fly to right retired the Subs after a five run scoring spree.

Undismayed by the Sailor's walloping start, Wall came back and limited the Subs to three hits and no scores until he was relieved by Bill Kohler in the eighth.

Stewart, on the mound for the Subs, was doing the same against Quantico until the sixth, when Russo hit into left field for one base. Gerry Donovan bounced a ball over the fence for a ground rule double. Samis popped out.

Passing the first three pegs, Dave Petros nailed the next one for a hi-speed boulder through shortstop. Russo and Donovan scored. Lou Townes at third base then busted up the Marines rally by starting a double play off Farrell's grounder. That was the pay-off Quantico got for the second game of the series, the five big runs that the Subs got in the first was all they needed to win, 5-2.

Navy fans were jubilant. Sports-writers were talking about Quantico and using adjectives like over-confident, and

cocky. The Marines were not any of these, but they didn't travel 6600 miles to lose ball games if they could help it. Colonel Lewis "Chesty" Puller's Marines and the men of Camp Catlin pulled out all the stops in supporting their Quantico brethren. Although they were a small drop in the grandstand

bucket, their heartening cheers for the visitors greatly belied their numbers.

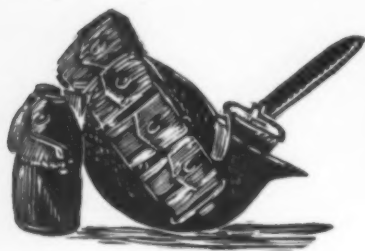
An 11th inning home run damaged Quantico in the third game. Behind six runs, which the Subs scored in the second and third innings, Quantico fought back in the top of the sixth to score. Farrell, on third base, tagged up and charged home after Will Hixson put a long fly out in left field. They picked up two more counts in the seventh when Rockwell, an augmented Marine twirling for the Subs, loaded the bags, then walked Niedringhaus to score Donovan from third. Shinkle took over for Rockwell on the mound. Hixson hit another long ball to left and Petros sprinted home ahead of the throw.

Quantico caught the Subs in the eighth, Gerry Donovan, at bat with Jim Blue on first, and two out, clouted a homer that looked like it had a lot of mileage left in it as it cleared the right field barrier. Petros, not to be outdone by Donovan, strode to the plate and whammed Shinkle's second pitch 350 feet into the left field stands.

For two more innings, both teams seesawed, then in the bottom of the eleventh Kohler, on the mound after relieving "Tex" Bragg, got into difficulties. Petinak made two bases on a baseline-skipping drive into left field. Townes drew an intentional pass. Bases were loaded when McClung hit a high, vaulting ball which first-sacker Donovan couldn't get to in time to make a play. Jim Hodges lined to Farrell who forced a runner at home for the first out. Then Howard Ivey went to the plate— (continued on page 56)



Lieutenant Peter Yezierski cuts a slice of Hawaiian hospitality for Quantico's Ralph Russo, Dave Petros, Jim Blue, Bill Gulley, George Stallings and Jim Pope



UNIFORMS & I

FROM time to time we get inquiries and hear discussions about the proper use and wearing of different articles of Marine clothing and equipment. There seems to be considerable variation of opinion and practice in the different organizations, particularly in the realm of field clothing. How are the leggings worn? Where is the canteen worn—the first aid pack? When is the camouflage helmet cover worn? Should the utility coat be tucked inside the trousers? Should the helmet strap be worn buckled? Is the carbine bayonet-knife M4 a knife to be worn on the belt—or a bayonet to be worn on the pack? Should the pack suspenders be used to hold up the belt or to carry the haversack? Many Marines are daily concerned with the proper, comfortable, and sensible usage of their equipment. There are several conflicting schools of thought on each item.

Leatherneck has taken upon itself the task of doing some research into the problems, using selected official publications (wherein there is also some disagreement) and is presenting the subject with its own unofficial ideas for its readers' information and reactions.

References for this discussion are: Chap. 49, MCM 1949, "Uniforms"; the "Guidebook For Marines" 1949; Officers Basic Extension Course, Subcourse B-1, MCS; and FM 21-15, "Individual Clothing and Equipment."

Helmets should be worn with the strap buckled under the chin, preventing them from falling off when running and hitting the deck. When disembarking over a cargo net we contend the helmet should be buckled on. If a man falls he will fall into the boat where his helmet may protect him. Loose helmets endanger men below.

The camouflage helmet cover is worn when available and the CO deems it advisable, as far as we can determine.

The helmet should never be sat on, cooked in, or used as a shovel. It should be kept painted and not scratched as it has been demagnetized so that the steel won't interfere with the use of a compass. The liner should be carefully handled and not sat upon.

The utility cap is for use with the utility uniform only in the field and while working.

The utility coat is shown as properly

... some answers to questions on the



& EQUIPMENT

varied usage by different units.



worn tucked inside the trousers when worn as a combat uniform. This is for neatness and warmth. In hot weather it is customary to permit wearing the coat outside. It should always be kept buttoned.

Utility and other trousers when worn in the field are tucked into the top of the leggings and bloused neatly over to permit freedom of movement (49067 MCM).

Leggings are usually worn with the combat equipment. Their purpose is to afford protection to the legs in rough terrain, dirty or muddy ground, and in areas with harmful insects or reptiles.

The canteen is worn on the right-rear side in the Marine Corps. The aid packet (or jungle kit) is worn on the left-rear. However, to balance a pistol on the belt the canteen should be worn on the left-rear as is done in the U. S. Army (FM 21-15). When the bayonet is worn on the belt it is always on the left side. Entrenching tools worn on the belt should be on the right side for ready access when digging from the prone position.

The belt suspenders may be worn in conjunction with the pack, or they may be worn apart from the pack to support a cartridge belt which is filled with ammunition. The suspenders may be attached to the rifle cartridge belt, the pistol belt or the BAR magazine belt. (Off. Basic Ext. Course).

Web equipment should be cleaned by dry brushing whenever possible. When necessary use only white soap and dry in the shade (FM 21-15). Every effect should be made to keep web equipment its original dark camouflage color.

The carbine bayonet-knife M-4 should be primarily considered as a knife and worn on the belt, we believe.

The Jacket, field, M1943, is primarily an item of protective clothing to be worn in place of an overcoat when the overcoat might become soiled. It is also a key member of the outer protective layer of clothing when dressing for cold weather. A jacket hood, and cotton OD trousers go with the jacket for cold weather wear. Underneath these wind-proof outer layers the winter service green uniform with other woollen items are properly worn in cold weather.

The cotton cap, OD, with ear flaps is worn in cold weather and can be worn under the helmet if the helmet liner head band is adjusted.

These are a few of the many articles of clothing and equipment that Marines have occasion to use. There are probably questions about other items. Our Marine readers are the ones most directly concerned with what they wear and how they wear it. Let's hear from you. What questions, or ideas do you have on this subject?

END



Corporal Meeks and a Hawaiian fisherman display the prize catch of the hukilau. Guests of honor ate their fill at a sumptuous fish fry. Poi came later in the day



the keys



While awaiting luncheon inside the ornate grass shack of Don the Beachcomber, chosen Armed Forces members and their dates chat with the famous restaurateur

**Spit and polish pays
off in poi and parties
each month as Hawaii
fetes its No. 1 Marine**

KING for a day is the theme for a new note of Hawaiian hospitality which has been extended to members of the Armed Forces stationed on Oahu.

One man from each of the four services is selected each month by members of his command for his outstanding neatness, military bearing and the merit of his individual service record. Then he and his wife or girl friend are guests for a day of Oahu's business men and the Hawaii Visitors Bureau.

The first Marine to be selected for this honor was Corporal Ralph L. Meeks, a supply clerk at Camp Catlin, Headquarters of the Fleet Marine Force, Pacific. Corp. Meeks of Lakewood, New Mexico, and the other selected guests, toured the Island of Oahu, participated in a hukilau, or native fish festival, and feasted at a luau which featured roast pig and many other delectable Hawaiian foods.

The "Kings" were dinner guests of Don the Beachcomber at his famous Waikiki restaurant and the day's program of entertainment was topped off with dancing at the Moana Hotel on Waikiki Beach.



South Sea dancers delight the "King" with a torrid exhibition of solid island rhythm

to oahu



World famous kegler Andy Varapapa, aloha shirt, dines across from the monarchs and their 'queens' at a luau



"This is no fish story," said Meeks as he held up a part of the hukilau catch for members of the party

The Laws of the Navy

By CAPTAIN HOPWOOD, R.N.

Now these are the Laws of the Navy,
Unwritten and varied they be;
And he that is wise will observe them,
Going down in his ship to the sea;
As naught may outrun the destroyer,
Even so with the law and its grip,
For the strength of the ship is the
Service,
And the strength of the Service, the
ship.

Take heed what ye say of your seniors,
Be your words spoken softly or
plain,
Lest a bird of the air tell the matter,
And so ye shall hear it again.

If ye labour from morn until even'
And meet with reproof for your toil,
It is well that the guns should be
humbled,
The compressor must check the re-
coil.

On the strength of one link in the
cable,
Dependeth the might of the chain.
Who knows when thou mayest be
tested?
So live that thou bearest the strain!

When the ship that is tired returneth,
With the signs of the sea showing
plain,
Men place her in dock for a season,
And her speed she reneweth again.
So shall thou, lest perchance thou grow
weary
In the uttermost parts of the sea,
Pray for leave, for the good of the
Service,
As much and as oft as may be.

Count not upon certain promotion,
But rather to gain it aspire;
Though the sight-line may end on the
target,
There cometh, perchance, a miss-
fire.

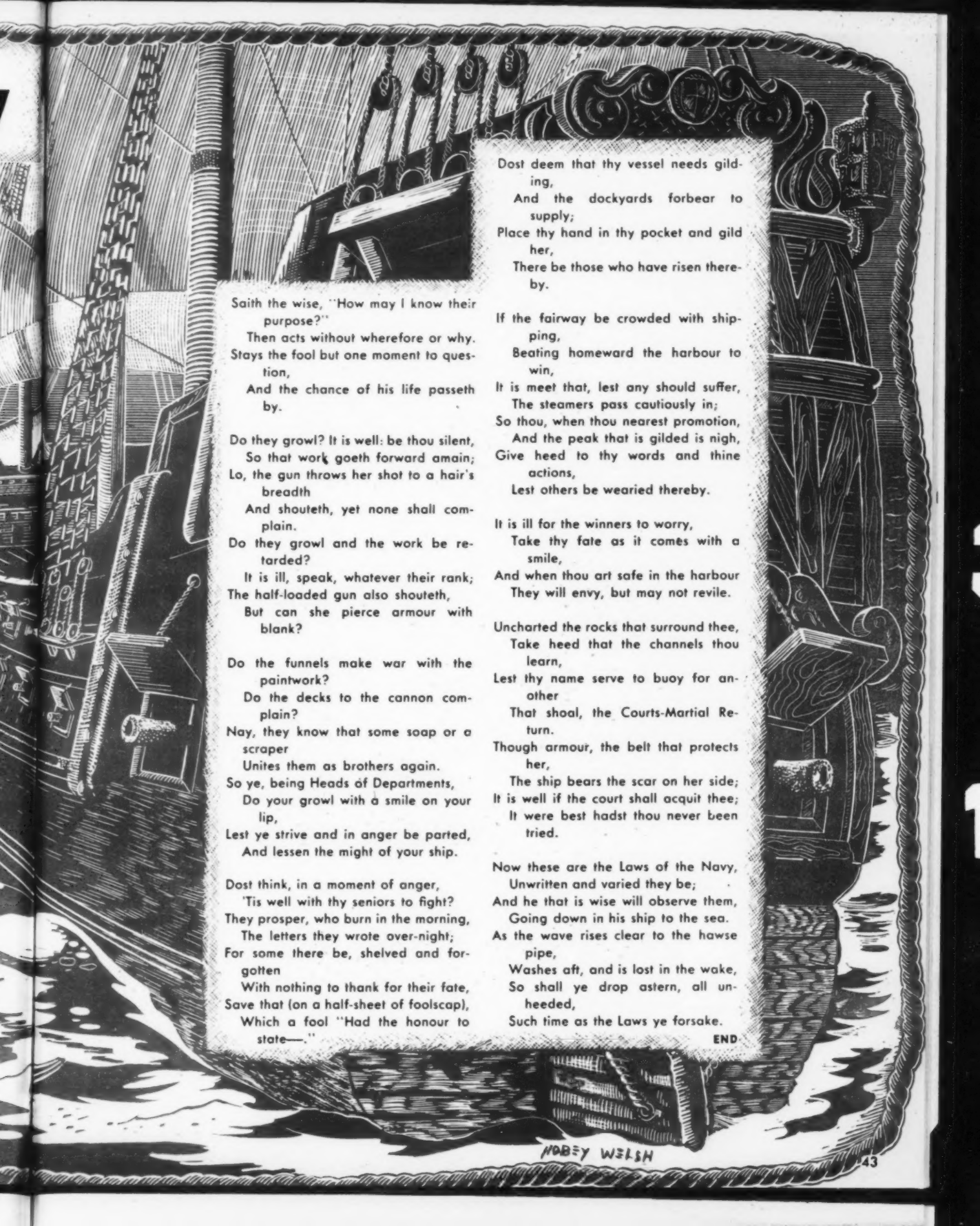
If ye win through an antarctic ice floe,
Unmentioned at home in the Press,
Heed it not, no man seeth the piston,
But it driveth the ship none the less.

Can'st follow the track of the dolphin
Or tell where the sea swallows
room;

Where leviathan taketh his pastime;
What ocean he calleth his home?
Even so with the words of thy seniors,
And the orders those words shall
convey.

Every law is as naught beside this
one—

"Thou shalt not criticise, but obey!"



Saith the wise, "How may I know their purpose?"

Then acts without wherefore or why.
Stays the fool but one moment to question,
And the chance of his life passeth by.

Do they growl? It is well: be thou silent,
So that work goeth forward amain;
Lo, the gun throws her shot to a hair's breadth

And shouteth, yet none shall complain.

Do they growl and the work be retarded?

It is ill, speak, whatever their rank;
The half-loaded gun also shouteth,
But can she pierce armour with blank?

Do the funnels make war with the paintwork?

Do the decks to the cannon complain?

Nay, they know that some soap or a scraper

Unites them as brothers again.

So ye, being Heads of Departments,
Do your growl with a smile on your lip,

Lest ye strive and in anger be parted,
And lessen the might of your ship.

Dost think, in a moment of anger,
'Tis well with thy seniors to fight?
They prosper, who burn in the morning,
The letters they wrote over-night;
For some there be, shelved and forgotten

With nothing to thank for their fate,
Save that (on a half-sheet of foolscap),
Which a fool "Had the honour to state—"

Dost deem that thy vessel needs gilding,

And the dockyards forbear to supply;

Place thy hand in thy pocket and gild her,

There be those who have risen thereby.

If the fairway be crowded with shipping,

Beating homeward the harbour to win,

It is meet that, lest any should suffer,
The steamers pass cautiously in;

So thou, when thou nearest promotion,
And the peak that is gilded is nigh,

Give heed to thy words and thine actions,

Lest others be wearied thereby.

It is ill for the winners to worry,

Take thy fate as it comes with a smile,

And when thou art safe in the harbour
They will envy, but may not revile.

Uncharted the rocks that surround thee,
Take heed that the channels thou learn,

Lest thy name serve to buoy for another

That shoal, the Courts-Martial Return.

Though armour, the belt that protects her,

The ship bears the scar on her side;
It is well if the court shall acquit thee;

It were best hadst thou never been tried.

Now these are the Laws of the Navy,
Unwritten and varied they be;

And he that is wise will observe them,
Going down in his ship to the sea.

As the wave rises clear to the hawse pipe,

Washes aft, and is lost in the wake,
So shall ye drop astern, all unheeded,

Such time as the Laws ye forsake.

END

FOUR TO THE BAR

... in the fire team! The three auto rifles
of the Marine squad provide
fast-moving fire power

by Sgt. Frank X. Goss

Leatherneck Staff Writer



PRIVATE First Class Frank P. Witek, USMCR, was awarded his nation's highest decoration, the Medal of Honor. Frank Witek was not only a good Marine with plenty of guts, he was a good BAR-man.

His citation reads like many others: "For conspicuous gallantry . . . when his rifle platoon was halted by heavy surprise fire from well-camouflaged enemy positions . . . Witek remained standing to fire a full magazine from his automatic rifle at point-blank range . . . killing eight of the enemy and enabling the greater part of his platoon to take cover. He remained to safeguard a wounded comrade until the arrival of stretcher bearers . . . then covered the evacuation by sustained fire as he moved backward toward his own lines. With his platoon again pinned down by a machine gun, Witek moved forward ahead of tanks and infantry, throwing grenades and firing as he advanced to within five to ten yards of the enemy position, destroying the machine gun emplacement and an additional eight Japanese before he was struck down by an enemy rifleman. His valiant and inspiring action effectively reduced the enemy's firepower, thereby enabling his platoon to attain its objective . . ."

Get that picture! One man, one BAR-man, by standing up and firing accurately into the enemy's position effectively reduced the enemy's fire power and enabled his platoon to take its objective. *Fire power!* That's what the Browning Automatic Rifle has, and that is the key to its tactical use.

Fire Power, fire superiority, pinned down, base of fire; all these terms are familiar to Marines because of their indoctrination in the technique of rifle fire. But how many men are certain of their meaning?

The *base of fire* is the covering fire



A Marine rifle squad has destroyed the infantry protecting an enemy pillbox. The squad leader orders one of his fire teams

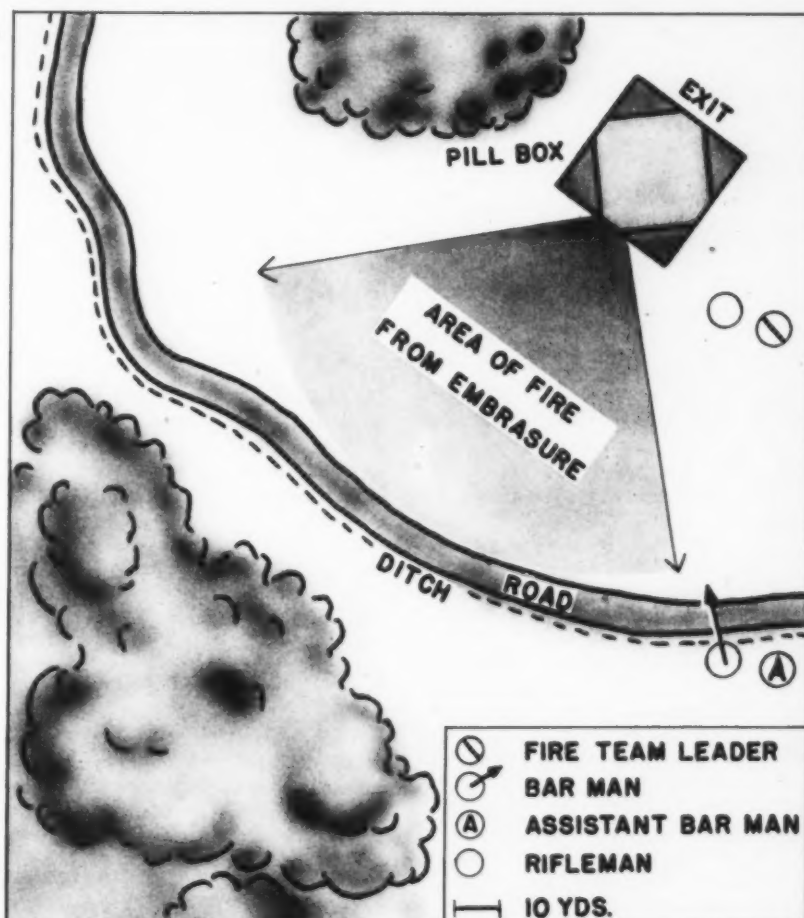
to eliminate the pillbox while the rest of the squad attacks another objective. The fire team will depend on the BAR man

placed upon a target. It enables the maneuver element to move toward its objective without being fired upon, for the simple reason that the base of fire, if delivered in sufficient volume—that is, by using the best possible rate of fire for the weapon *fire power* and delivering it with accuracy—will result in *fire superiority*, a condition determined by noting who is *pinned down*, you or the enemy. When accurate fire is delivered toward a position the enemy must take cover or die. Fire superiority brought about by fire power enables the squad to advance close to its objective and neutralize it.

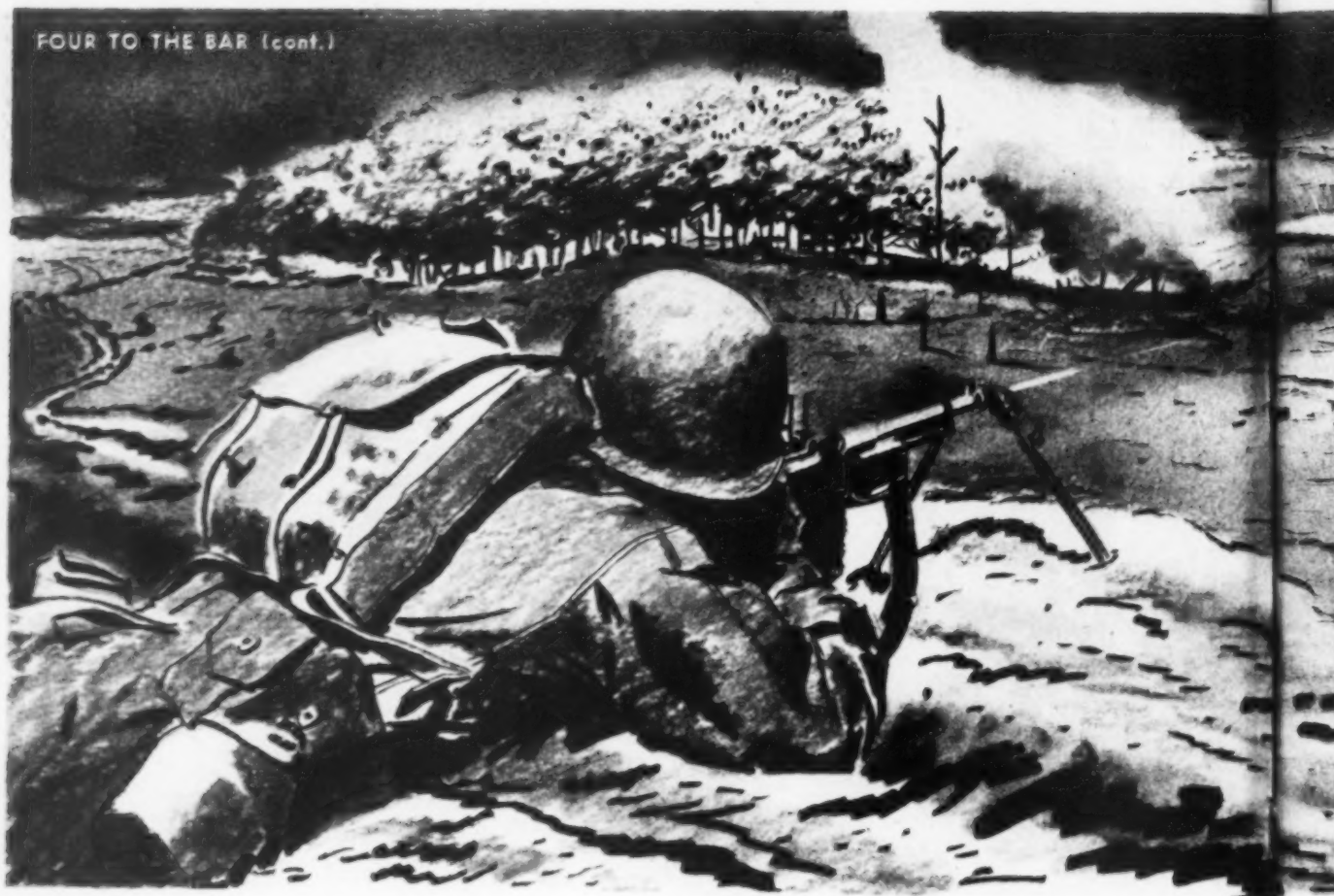
The BAR's capacity for delivering a large volume of fire makes it especially useful for gaining fire superiority. The BAR can be used as a base of fire with which to engage an enemy emplacement or a number of enemy riflemen.

During Stateside training the Automatic Rifleman of a fire team came to expect the good-natured ribbing which came with the job. If he was one of the smaller men in the outfit, and often he was, he came to expect the common query, "Hey, Shorty, where ya goin' with the cannon?" As he dragged the seat of his dungarees along in the wake of the column, loaded down with the weight of his "cannon" he often rued the day he was assigned to the BAR. But when he got in combat, he, and those who had been riding him, found that the Browning Automatic Rifle was a handy weapon to have around.

The tactical importance of the BAR



While assembled in the woods the fire team was notified of its objective. They used the ditch for protection while moving into their positions. Note location of BAR man



Fire team leader locates embrasure and moves in on the pillbox's blind side. BAR man fires

is demonstrated by the number assigned to a Marine rifle squad, three. No other infantry weapon now in use by the Armed Forces has enjoyed such widespread confidence and constant use—with scarcely a modification. The old Springfield '03 rifle was replaced by the M1. The model 1917 machine gun, a year older than the BAR, is still going strong, but in most cases the original water jacket has given way to the air-cooled type barrel. Today, the BAR is fundamentally the same in appearance and design as it was the day of its first use, during World War I.

Again, the tactical importance of the BAR is demonstrated by the position of the BAR-man in the squad and fire team formations. He is in the center of all formations with the exception of the squad column. A squad column is used most often in the march and when first from the flank must be engaged immediately. The BAR-man's position in this formation permits him to fire immediately and effectively.

To know the technique of BAR tactics is to know fire team and squad

tactics. The Browning Automatic Rifle is the fire power of the fire team, and consequently of the squad. When the fire team, or squad, is called upon to attack a fortified enemy position without the support of tanks, a situation often forced during the early stages of a beachhead when the tanks have not yet come ashore, it is possible to utilize the BAR to best advantage. The Browning Automatic Rifle, placed outside the enemy's fire lane, should fire into the embrasure of the enemy emplacement. This action will prevent the gunner of the enemy weapon from firing back and will silence the embrasure. While the BAR holds with its intensive rate of fire the rest of the fire team can flank the enemy position and bring it under fire with their rifles. This move establishes another base of fire and it is possible for the BAR to move to another position where it again sets up a base of fire. In this manner the BAR-man and rifleman alternate between the jobs of "maneuver element" and "base of fire," until the team is in the proper position for a final assault.

Another Medal of Honor man, Pfc Arthur J. Jackson, USMC, took off like a one-man fire team during action on Peleliu and knocked out 12 pillboxes. In the course of toppling the emplacements he killed 50 Japs. Single-handedly, he charged a large pillbox housing approximately 35 enemy soldiers. He trapped the troops by pouring fire from his BAR into the embrasure, preventing them from firing out, and then hurled white phosphorous grenades and explosive charges through the opening, killing all of the Japs and destroying the pillbox.

All this, Jackson accomplished with only the covering fire of small rifle parties. It might be said that he was both maneuver element and base of fire, with the heavy emphasis on maneuver element.

In defensive positions the Squad Leader selects the position for the BAR-men and points out their field of fire. He selects alternate positions to be used in case of emergency. Normally, the Automatic Rifles are sighted to cover the front of the squad and



into embrasure at an angle

to fire across the front of the adjacent squads. They may also be assigned missions to cover—gaps left by the machine guns in the Final Protective Line, prominent terrain features, and possible avenues of enemy approach.

Under ordinary circumstances, the three BAR-men of the squad cover the entire front of their squad's sector with dispersed fire of 40 to 60 shots per minute. The riflemen in the squad cover an area opposite their own position in the squad and a few yards to right and left. This technique of fire is most common. *Distributed fire*, as it is called, is the quickest and most effective method of insuring that all parts of the target are brought under fire, whether the enemy be visible or invisible.

When defending, the automatic rifleman should open fire "single shot" so that his position will not be given away prematurely. As the enemy moves closer and more lucrative targets, such as groups of men and crew-served weapons are exposed, the automatic rifleman switches to automatic rate and



Accurate fire from the BAR forces the enemy gunner to take cover and prevents him from firing. The rest of the fire team is free to move against the objective



When the fire team leader and rifleman succeed in throwing white phosphorus grenades into the embrasure and exit, the BAR man and assistant overrun pillbox

concentrates his fire on them. The BAR-man should be prepared to shift to his alternate position immediately after firing at the automatic rate.

Private Wilson D. Watson, USMCR, with his assistant automatic rifleman, charged the crest of a hill on Iwo Jima, firing from his hip. While Japanese troops attacked with grenades and knee-mortars from the reverse slope he stood fearlessly erect and held the hill under savage fire until his platoon was able to join him. He killed 60 Japs. His technique was simple; he merely fired at the Japanese positions and, if one attempted to raise himself, he shot him dead.

The purpose of any weapon, and it cannot be over-emphasized, is accurate fire. Weapons are used to kill. The correct calibration must be known, the weapon must be maintained in first-class condition, and the weapon's operator must be well-trained. Then, and only then, may the weapon be used to best advantage. The Browning Automatic Rifle is a man-killer; it can pin down a body of troops as effectively as a light machine gun. In the fire team there are four men to the BAR. That one BAR can deliver as much aimed fire as the rest of the team combined. It has fire power, and fire power wins battles.

END

WE-

THE

MARINES

Edited by Sgt. Frank X. Goss

El Toro's Womenfolk

If the picture of the two bathing-suited lovelies on this page looks slightly familiar it is because the background is the same as the one used for curvaceous Paula Doretti in last month's *We-The Marines*.

Fred Braitsch, ace photographer for El Toro's Public Information section, took both pictures, plus a number of others which have appeared on these pages. The volume of curvy females promoted for photographs by the El Toro lens-hound indicates that Sergeant Braitsch is either faced with a surplus of beauties or is one of the best promoters in the business.

The background was the Marine Aviation Exhibit at the Orange County Fair. With scenery like the gals to soothe the eye it is small wonder that the West Coast—El Toro in particular—is a popular duty station.



TOUGH CHOICE—Jake the mannequin, too dumb to ask for a date, is apparently bewildered by beauties Kathy Libby of Balboa and Billie McGrew, Newport Beach



We-The Marines

We were resting comfortably at the local sloop chute, having gone there in search of a story, when a gentleman at a neighboring table sauntered over and murmured, "I hear you have to do with the *We-The Marines* column in *Leatherneck*." We blushed our acknowledgement and he continued, "Why do you call the column 'We-The Marines'?" We told him, and just in case there are other readers who do not know the reason for the title, we will repeat our little speech.

There used to be a common saying in the Corps, "When a Marine isn't

talking about himself, he's talking about another Marine." This is, or was, true. Quite often, a Marine would say something like: "Sure, we're a good outfit." "We did this," "We did that," "We won this," "We were the first to, et cetera." Frequently, by way of apology and to explain that he did not refer to himself and his immediate circle of buddies, he would pause in his song of praise to say, "We-the Marines, I mean." It was an expression heard often, so often that when *Leatherneck* initiated a column which was designed to spread the word on Marine accomplishments, the title, "*We-The Marines*," was a natural selection.

The Corps was a larger outfit then. We had more accomplishments and human interest anecdotes to publicise then than we do now but we, the Marines, are still romping and stomping

along. Stories of the Corps are not as abundant, but we are still trying. If you, the Marines, hear a story that is worth repeating, tell it to us and we will print it under the banner of, "*We-The Marines!*"

MOS 5241

With the tongue in cheek we report our belated discovery of a new Marine Corps job entitled "Personal Affairs Assistant." It will be the duty of the Personal Affairs Assistant to counsel Marines on their personal problems. In other words, there is now an official weeper who listens patiently and sympathetically while you pour out your tale of woe. Not only will this gent provide sage advice a la Mr. Anthony; he will have, with the rest of the Marine Corps, the primary duties of a Marine.



UNIFORM SWAP—Two Marines turned in their greens after the war, exchanging them for Yankee uniforms. Star second

sacker Jerry Coleman, left, and outfielder Hank Bauer, right, of the World Champs pose with N. Y. recruiting sergeants

TURN PAGE



Solomon Island Sky Pilot

A group of curious natives watched while the Marines of the Shore Party Regiment unloaded large crates from the LCT on Lunga Beach. As one begrimed Marine tipped his crate on the ever-growing stock-pile of supplies, another Marine stumbled against him, catapulting the heavy box from the pile to the man's toes.

The results were explosive and profane. The burly Marine chewed his assailant up one side and down the other, turning the air blue with furious, oaths and condemnation. His tirade was interrupted by the voice of one of the natives.

"Pardon me," the native said in flawless English, "but would you please refrain from swearing. We," he said, referring to the group of Solomon Islanders, "are Christians and we do not swear."

Thirty years ago the Solomon Islands were a primitive jungle, inhabited by dusty, head-hunting cannibals, recluse planters, and migratory missionaries attempting to harvest heathen souls.

Seven years ago when the men of the First Marine Division stormed ashore at Guadalcanal they found the jungles still primitive, the planters fleeing south to escape the Japanese invaders, the natives intent on living the good life, and the missionaries tending their flocks in pastures greener than when they had found them.

In the 23-year interim, the men of God had no easy time. Often discouraged by a lack of converts, living with a constant threat of death, some of the missionaries gave up the fight.

Pastor G. F. Jones, Seventh Day Adventist minister and one of the most intrepid of Solomon Island missionaries, converted many head-hunting natives to the cause of Christianity. About 30 years ago, while the pastor's ship was anchored near a heathen village on Vella Lavella, several curious and youthful villagers stole through the jungle to have a look at the ship and its party. One of these lads, Robert Salau, was destined to become one of the Solomon's most successful native missionaries.

Last summer Salau visited the United States under the sponsorship of the Seventh Day Adventist General Conference. He appeared on several radio and television shows, including "We, the People" and preached before several large congregations.

Salau's introduction to the Marine Corps came while he was on Emirau. These are his words:

"In 1942 when the Japs came to New



ISLANDERS—Two former residents of the Solomons met in D. C. when Pastor Robert Salau made nationwide tour. Unidentified Marine looks at ceremonial spear

Guinea and I was in Emirau, while our white missionaries are going back to Australia, except the ones that were prisoners of war, we took charge of all our missions . . .

"In 1944, the morning of March 20th, the great U. S. Marine forces came to my island, Emirau. We know nothing at all about them before they land, and the cargo ships were so terrible and strange that we all ran away in the bush. We did not know whether they were Japs, so I had told my people to hide because we do not know what will happen to us that time.

"But one boat came slowly on the beach and some of the (native) boys waiting there and the Americans tried to talk to them, but they could not understand them because the people never talk in English. Then the Americans ask them, 'Are you Christian?' The boys say 'yea.' So the Marines asked them to find out where the missionary was, so the people call for me.

"So I went, and they asked me, 'You are missionary?', and I say 'Yes sir' and they say, 'We are American.' So they call one of their chaplains, and he came and showed me his cross (his chaplain's insignia). He say, 'You know this?' And I say 'Yes sir.' He say, 'I am a minister of the church.'

"So he say we go and see officers so we went and he told them that this is the minister of this island. So McCorkel

(the chaplain, Rev. William McCorkel, Presbyterian minister from St. Louis) took me and say 'You are my boy, you can stay with me.' So I help him in the island. I am sorry I did not take their address because I don't think I can come to U. S. A. one day."

During the invasion of Emirau, Salau was amazed by the big machines the Marines had brought with them. "The machines cut down all the trees while the Marines stood there and chewed gum," he said.

In a letter to the General Conference, H. M. Taylor, a Marine officer who met Salau on Emirau, spoke highly of Salau and his accomplishments. "Salau is a remarkable man," he said. "He is extremely intelligent, dignified, and had the respect of every one of us. He contrived to hold his people with him and to hold them as Christians throughout the two arduous years of Jap occupation."

Marines serving in the Solomon Islands during World War II noted the Christianity of the Islanders with surprise. The quaint churches and the natives adherence to their faith earned the Marines' respect.

This conduct on the part of the natives was not only the result of preaching by zealous white missionaries, but was due to the work and good example of devout Christian natives like Pastor Robert Salau.

Unanimous Decision

The newest member of *Leatherneck's* honor roll of subscribers is the Marine Air Detachment, Marine Air Reserve Training Command, U. S. Naval Air Station, Lincoln, Neb.

The organization, commanded by Lieutenant Colonel E. V. Finn, USMC, will have a beer bust on *Leatherneck* by reason of its 100 per cent subscription to the magazine.



The Long Road

Out in St. Louis there is a Class III-B Reservist who spent 17 years trying to become a Marine.

John H. MacAleney, now a professional newspaperman with the St. Louis *Star Times*, tried to enlist in the Marine Corps when he was 17. The recruiter told him, "You're too young, bub."

When Mac was 18 he dashed down to the recruiting office, cap in hand, only to be told, "We got no vacancies. All our people like the Corps too much to get out."

At the ripe old age of 19 MacAleney took the Marine Corps physical exam and flunked with colors flying. He took two years to build up his physique but when he again visited the recruiters at the age of 21, there were no appropriations available to pay enlistees, so once again, Mac was rejected. By this time he had become slightly piqued so he joined the regular Army.

By the time the war started in 1941, Mac was an officer in the infantry and couldn't get transferred to his first love, the Marine Corps, but, at long last, he was sworn into the Marine Corps Reserve as Pfc in February, 1948.

To accept his appointment as Pfc, Mac had to resign his Reserve Commission in the Army. Says he of his appointment, "It satisfied a life-long wish."

Gee-eye Joe

Varied organizations have this column on their mailing list so we are seldom surprised by the contents of the daily mail bag. We have almost developed a "So What?" attitude concerning their news releases, but occasionally we get one that jerks us out of our lethargy.



CHINESE ORPHAN—Arthur Liu, 12, was an orphaned shoeshine boy in Tsingtao when SSgt Jack McCartney met him. Now he's in US as McCartney's adopted son

The Department of Public Info at Loyola University, Los Angeles, sent us a story concerning a Gee Eye, enrolled as a student in their Business Administration College. He was a former zoomie in the Corps and the P. I. Department figured we would be interested in hearing about him. When we read the story we almost swallowed our teeth.

The fly-fly boy's name is Raymond C. Scollin. The thing that sets him apart from most other Gee Eyes is the fact that the gentleman is a retired Marine brigadier general.

When Scollin was 14 years old he faked his age and enlisted in the Corps. That was back in 1920. Seven years

later, after progressing from field music to NCO status he won an appointment to Basic School where he was commissioned. The flying bug captured him then and in 1930 he had his pilot wings.

During his 23 years of Marine Corps duty the general served at Tientsin, China, Port au Prince, Haiti; Guantanamo Bay, Cuba and San Juan, Puerto Rico. At the beginning of World War II he was serving on the old USS *Lexington*. Later he saw action at Midway, Guadalcanal, Guam and Okinawa.

Because of his military service, Gen. Scollin was exempted from the Military Science course, required of beginning students at Loyola.

NGF Anniversary

Anniversaries usually attract long-winded speakers, but the Navy used a different tack. The 150th anniversary of the Naval Gun Factory, Washington, D. C. featured about five minutes of talk and a full week of action.

Thousands of curious visitors swarmed to this "Boom Town" on the Anacostia for a look at the labs and shops. They saw a sailing model of the *Wasp* (one of the first ships built by the yard), the biggest fluorescent water show ever staged (moonlight regatta), and got their first look at the Navy's frogmen in action. The Navy's underwater demolition units, speeding recklessly down the Anacostia, dropped delayed action charges. Geysers of water shot high in the air. The boats made another swipe, dropping this time a group of swimmers clad in rubber suits and fins. At a smoke signal all the frogmen but one swam to the center of the channel to be scooped up by their buddies in the boats. The lone swimmer was rescued by a Marine helicopter crew. He climbed into the sling and was hauled aboard via the mechanical hoist.

The pomp and pageantry was climaxed, of course, by the crowning of a gun factory queen, Miss Mary Margaret Long, of Washington, D. C.

Top admirals attended and President Harry S. Truman was on hand. His earth-shaking 21-gun salute was the noisiest part of the celebration. The



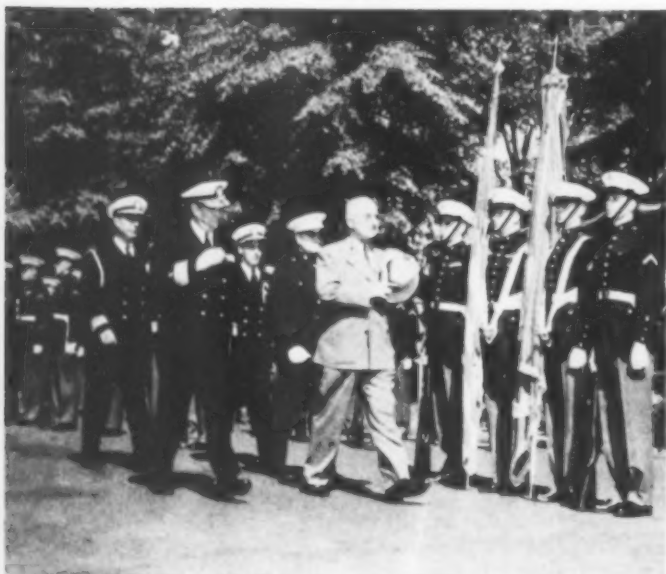
CROWNED—Miss Mary Margaret Long, queen of 150th anniversary celebration at NGF, is royally congratulated by Sgt. H. R. Barr, the superintendent's orderly

daily firing of the first gun built by the Navy Yard (1799) was puny by comparison.

The Marines weren't neglected in the festivities. Our phantom jets buzzed down. There were formal Marine guard mounts, and a crack Marine drum and bugle corps was on hand, but the real show stopper of the week was the Drill

Team from Eighth and I Street Barracks. (This platoon, in our estimation, is the sharpest drill outfit in the country.)

Marines have been at the Navy Yard as long as the Navy, and, possibly, when the Yard has its 300th anniversary, the Marines will be there guarding the space ships. **END**



THE CHIEF—When President Truman came aboard he was welcomed with a 21-gun salute and a Marine Honor Guard



FROGMAN—Bosun's mate John H. Parrish of the underwater demolition team "stands by" for an air-sea helicopter rescue



Old Gold was taught by Experience... nearly 200 years of it!

There may be some way to cross cigarette tobacco with Old Doc Snake-oil's Patented Pain Killer—but we never learned the trick. We're tobacco men, not medicine men. Old Gold cures just one thing: the world's best tobacco. If smoking pleasure is good enough for you, light an Old Gold . . . today. Smooth! Mild! Mellow! *Good!* We learned how to make 'em that way from nearly 200 years of honest tobacco craftsmanship.

For a Treat instead of a Treatment...

*treat yourself to **OLD GOLDS***

THE SQUEEZER ON EBENEZER

[continued from page 25]

gonna drink to Scrooge," said three at once.

"Wait," said Bob. "It is Xmas. Besides, this cider is harden' Scrooge's heart."

The jug was passed around.

"A toast to the man of the hour," said Cratchit. "The only peon who's ever put one over on Scrooge. Tiny Tim!"

(It's not possible,) Scrooge told the ghost.

"Tiny will not paint the flagpole. Tiny will not work on the gravel pile. Tiny gets transferred to Quantico!"

"Gimme a slugga that," said Tim. He gulped down about a quart. "Yip-pee. God bless Scrooge's mangy hide. God bless the whole durn Marine Corps."

The scene faded. "I don't believe it," mumbled Scrooge. "They wouldn't dare cross me. Why, I'll have that bum buried in gravel!"

"For that remark," said the ghost, "you get the next routine in reverse."

Now, the room closed around Scrooge until it became a tight fitting box. The air became foul. From far off a voice echoed: "How do you like your future apartment, Scrooge?"

"A bit small."

"Yes. Digger O'Dell saved dough on this model."

Scrooge sat up abruptly and found his head protruding through the top of the casket. "I'm dead!"

"This is a future Xmas," agreed the spirit, yanking Scrooge up through six feet of earth. "See."

Scrooge glared at the tombstone. Here lies Pfc Ebenezer Scrooge, USMC. RIP. "Pfc!!!"

"You were busted three times in two months."

"Git offa my back," Scrooge sneered. "This is a frame-up."

The ghost grinned, and whisked back a couple of years.

Bob Cratchit in the Staff quarters was sewing a set of technical sergeant chevrons on a shirt. "How do you like the lieutenant?"

Staff Sergeant Marley twirled his mustache. "A good Joe," he said. "Turned out better than I thought. I pity poor Scrooge."

"Yeah," agreed Bob. "Scrooge can't get out of the supply office either. You might say it was poetic justice."

"You know, Scrooge done me dirt.

But what's happened to him shouldn't happen to a dog! No wonder he's hitting the bottle."

(A dirty lie,) yelled Scrooge. The ghost ignored him. (You say I got busted. Well, how did them meat-heads get those stripes? Now, I suppose, you'll tell me that Tiny Tim is a sergeant? Hah?)

The ghost shook its head, and zoomed with Scrooge to a well-known rendezvous.

Guinevere had gained a little weight. She had dyed her hair again, Scrooge noticed. She was sitting on somebody's lap. A coat with second louie bars was draped over the arm of the chair.

"It get's worse," groaned Scrooge. "Who's the guy?"

"Listen."

"Duh-uh . . ."

"No," screamed Scrooge. "Impossible!"

"Timmy," sighed Guinevere. "You're just the cutest lieutenant I've ever seen, I declare."

Scrooge wrung his hands. "You mean to tell me that stupid jerk is an officer!"

The ghost leered. "Tiny Tim's GCT was exactly 110½. He got through Officer's Basic School because they needed a 280 pound tackle. He's back at this base now in charge of supply—your immediate superior, Scrooge."

Scrooge found his voice. "And that is the future?"

"It is."

"Can I change it? Does it have to be this way?"

The ghost said nothing.

"If this is my future," said Scrooge,

completely broken. "Then I've had it! Take me up to 10,000 and drop me."

SCROOGE woke up at first call. He felt mean. "Gad," he said, stretching and dropping one arm over the edge of the sack, "that dream was a lulu!"

His hand touched a hard object lying on the deck. He picked it up idly and brought it into range of vision. "Somebody was pulling my leg," he began. Then he sat up and stared at the polished bony foot and shank. "Or vice versa . . ."

Carrying the ghost's tibia into the hall, Scrooge collided with the top sergeant of Dog Company.

"Hey, Scrooge. You hear the latest?"

Scrooge stared at him vacantly.

"That big stupe Tiny Tim is going to Basic School."

"Then it's true," said Scrooge dully. "It's all true."

"Honh?"

Scrooge handed him the foot. "Merry Xmas," he said, earnestly.

"Gee! Just what I wanted," said the Top. "Bone handles for muh shootin' arns!"

The supply sergeant dressed swiftly and rocketed out to find Bob Cratchit.

"Bob, my boy," he said, fondly.

"Yessir." Cratchit waited for the axe to fall.

Scrooge was at a loss. If Bob were a civilian, Scrooge would simply give him a turkey for Xmas. A turkey . . .

"Guinevere," said Scrooge. "Bob, my son, how would you like a Xmas date with a lovely girl?"



Guinevere had apparently gained a little weight

"Gee," drooled Cratchit.

"I'll fix it up. I'll get you a stripe. Keep the five bucks and Merry Xmas," yelled Scrooge as he loped toward the galley.

"My old (hic) buddy."

"Meat-head! I got your Xmas card."

"Shucks, twarn't nothin," said Marley sheepishly. "I allus git sentimental this season. Say, remember somebody put a jug in my locker back in Shanghai. I just figured out who done it!"

Scrooge blushed.

"It took me 17 years," said Marley. "Now I got the varmint."

Scrooge dug a hole in the snow with his toe.

"That dirty Platoon Sergeant Fezzwig done it," Marley said. "And I think he fouled me up with Guinevere, too."

"Marley . . ."

"Forgive and forget, I say," bellowed Marley. "She was a beast anyhow."

"Meat-head, old buddy, have you seen Tiny Tim?"

"Yep. He just threw a snowball through the OD's window."

Scrooge, trembling with anticipation, found Tiny building a snow fort behind the barracks.



"Tum, tum, te-toodle tum," tumbled Tim. "Duh-uh, howdy, Scrooge."

"My boy," sighed Scrooge with great feeling. "Tim, my son!"

"Duh. Honh? Are you, duh-uh my pop?"

"No. No. We love you, Tim. Don't go to Basic School. Stay here and drive a garbage truck or something!"

"Why, shore," said Tim.

"I got a Xmas present for you," sobbed Scrooge, tears of happiness dripping off his nose. "A pair of (sob) size 22 sneakers!"

And we draw a curtain of unadulterated joy over this happy little Marine gathering. Tiny Tim did not become a lieutenant. He stayed at the base and wound an eight-day clock. He was the best center the football team ever had. Sgt. Bob Cratchit married Guinevere Schmaltz's grandniece. Marley married Guinevere. Scrooge dressed up like Santa Claus every year after that. On Xmas day he was all milk and honey and overflowing good cheer. The other 364 days of the year he was a stinker. After all, what can you expect of a supply sergeant?

END

THE SANDERSON SAGA

[continued from page 29]

to knock out Haitian bandit positions.

With the stage set in Europe and the prologue in Japan, Sandy took command of various aviation units and attended courses in warfare at Quantico.

He became operation officer of the First Marine Aircraft Wing shortly before America's entry in World War II. He sailed for the Solomon Islands with that unit. Under his jurisdiction were squadrons led by Captain John Smith and later Captain Joe Foss. Also attached to the Wing were Navy and Army fighters.

Sanderson was awarded the Legion of Merit for his expert coordination of these aircraft during the first offensive.

Later he became commanding officer of Marine Air Group 11 which was based in the New Hebrides group of islands. The war-time service of Gen. Sanderson was then split between commands of larger units until he became commander of the Fourth Air Wing in the Marshall-Gilbert area. Later he went to Guam. It was from the Marianas that he left to accept the surrender of the Japanese commander of Wake Island.

Admiral Sakaibara refused to believe that his country had lost the war. Radio communication from naval headquarters did not convince him. Finally, through Truk radio the word was passed by a former Japanese commander that the news of the surrender aboard the USS *Missouri* was true and that Admiral Sakaibara was to give up Wake.

Sanderson boarded the destroyer USS *Levy* and with a small force of ships went to the historic atoll. The small convoy arrived at dawn and waited for daylight to make its way through the reef. During the landing Sanderson could see every Jap gun on the island trained on the surrender party. Finally, a tired-looking, weather-beaten launch came out to bring the Americans ashore.

The Japanese garrison differed from the type usually pictured by cartoonists. These men were large and had red hair. They were Imperial Marines from the Northern provinces of the homeland islands.

Sanderson asked to be taken on a tour of the island but he found that the roads were mined. He told the admiral to have his men clear the fields and dispose of the explosives. Conditions were bad. Food was low and supplies for war and the maintenance of a unit were nearly exhausted. From Sakaibara he learned that a number of the original island garrison had been

kept behind to work on Jap installations.

"Where are they now?" he asked the admiral.

"We had to kill them," was the slow, bland reply. "We had not enough food to feed our own troops." Sakaibara seemed to be reliving the past. He told how he had personally killed some Americans himself. Sandy checked his natural impulse to knock the Jap's head off of his squat shoulders, but he wanted to get the goods on this Jap so the War Crimes Trial Board would have an easy job with the conviction.

The Jap realized he had made a mistake. The Marines were killed and buried in unmarked plots. Sanderson asked to be shown the cemetery. Sakaibara told him the graveyard was on their route of tour around the island. But as Sandy neared completion of his inspection, he remembered that the admiral had neglected to show him the American graves.

"Well, Sakaibara," asked Sanderson, "where are our people buried?" The Jap's expression was more blank than usual. He made a vague, lame excuse and led the way to a freshly cleared spot on the island. The individual markers had been painted that day and the wet paint used in the names trickled down on the coral sand.

Sanderson boarded the *Levy* after setting up the surrender and securing the admiral's signature, and arranged for garrison troops to stay temporarily on the island. Back at Guam, he made a complete report to the naval authorities. The admiral later received the maximum penalty for war crimes.

Following the historic surrender, Sanderson was ordered to Tientsin, China where he took command of the First Wing. When that organization returned to the States, Sanderson became its deputy commander under Major General Louis E. Woods.

This month Gen. Sanderson will commemorate his 32nd year as a Marine. During his career, he has seen the Corps' air arm cut its teeth on planes horsepowered slightly higher than a Model-T. He flew through gunnery competition when the only hits were made by a man's native hunting ability—back in the days before instinct was replaced by instrument flying. Sanderson, like all human beings, has made mistakes. But, like few men, he has offered the world of aviation his life, and an inspiring series of accomplishments. His longevity is proof that he has stayed abreast of the times. An advancement in aviation meant a mental meal, something he digested for future use. He has seen the prop become almost obsolete with today's striking force of jet-powered fighters. And he's checked out in jets.

END

WITEK'S WIZARDS

[continued from page 30]

was tagged for five. Both teams made one boot apiece.

NAS, Agana, was host to the two teams in the third series game and Hutchinson hit his top stride for the All-Stars by twirling a no-hitter. Final score, All-Stars 2, Philippines 0. Fleming, back on the mound for the "Phils", was tagged for five hits.

Back at the Witek home field for the fourth game, the champs from Manila again nailed the Guams, this time 4-3 to knot the series at two games each. It was the hardest hitting contest in the series, but the All-Stars with ten bingles couldn't out score the Philippines who won with a paltry five safeties.

After three straight days of rain the two squads met at the NAS, Agana park for the deciding game of the series. Hutchinson started for the All-Stars and the durable Fleming opposed him. For eight gruelling innings both pitchers put on the heat hot and hard and neither side scored. Fleming walked a Star and Hutchinson was reached for one hit; then came the rains. The game was called and the two squads tried to relax from the tension engendered by having to play what amounted to a final double-header for the championship.

Next day with clear skies and the choleric Pacific sun fast drying the diamond and outfield, the Philippine champions and the All-Stars went at it again. Hutchinson, who now carried the All-Stars' Far East pennant hopes in his pitching arm, was on the rubber and Jones was hurling for the champs. Tight, errorless ball on the part of both nines combined with a sparseness of hits had the game evened until late in the final innings when the All-Stars managed to push a single winning run across the plate to take the final game, 2-1. Hutchinson had given up only four knocks and losing pitcher Jones had allowed five.

While the Stars packed, planned what they'd do when they hit San Diego and wrote letters home about their victory, the scorekeepers tallied their figures for the series. The pitching staff of the Stars had struck out 51 batters, walked eight and given up 20 hits. Against this the Philippines hurlers set down 13 men, walked three and allowed 32 hits. The Stars earned 14 runs, the Philippines 13 and both clubs made nine errors. The redoubtable Hutchinson had pitched 24 consecutive innings in the series without a run scored against him. **END**

ALL-NAVY BASEBALL

[continued from page 37]

he should have been a Marine, too. Kohler worked the count to 2-2.

"Ball!" said the umpire after Kohler whacked a close one across.

What backstop Niedringhaus said couldn't be heard over the din 12,000 fans were creating in the stands, but he obviously didn't share the same views as the "ump."

Kohler had no choice. He had to deliver a fat-one or lose the game by walking Ivey. He did. Ivey sent the pitch non-stop into the bleachers to beat Quantico, 10-6.

Secretary Louis Johnson's edict notwithstanding, the next day was Navy Day, at least in Pearl Harbor. Before the biggest crowd of the series, the Dolphins roundly thumped the Atlantic Champs. Starting in the initial frame, Meacham hit the longest home-run of the series, 370 feet, with one man on base. After that they got another tally in the third, again in the fifth, two in the seventh, (another fence buster with one on), and another addition in the eighth. "Hap" Spuhler used Pope, Kohler, and Wall trying to stem the Sub spree but the Sub batters hit 'em all.

Cal Killeen, who was playing first with Donovan out in the pasture, raised the Marines' hopes temporarily in the Quantico end of the fourth. He sent pitcher Mooney's first offering out of the park with a 350 foot smash into right field bleachers for the Marines only score. It was Sub third sacker Lou Townes who broke up most of the Quantico threats, with about the strongest infield arm in service baseball. Without effort he nailed Quantico runners, inning after inning, throughout the entire series. With a final score of 7-1, the Subs took the Navy's first championship baseball trophy home to Pearl Harbor that night.

Regrettably the Quantico men said goodbye to their friends at Pearl Harbor, thanked Lieutenant Peter P. Yezereski and Master Sergeant Arlice G. Bullard for the wonderful meals they'd enjoyed at the Marine Barracks mess hall and boarded their plane for the States the next day.

Even though the season finished bleakly for the Quantico team, its record for 1949 was a good one. "Hap" Spuhler is expecting many of his veterans back in the lineup next year. He'll have Dave Petros, Cal Killeen, Bernie Weisman, Tex Bragg and Will Hixson when his team competes for the 1950 championship. **END**

END



UDT PROSPECT

Sirs,

I have been told that *Leatherneck* can be consulted for information concerning the Marine Corps. As I am a subscriber of the *Leatherneck* I would like some information which I hope you can give me.

It concerns an Underwater Demolition Course. What does an Underwater Demolition course cover? What qualifications does a person have to have to attend such a school?

Is there any course open to the Marine Corps which covers diving equipment and underwater work? I have heard something about a course of this nature at Port Hueneme, Calif. If this is open to Marines, what qualifications do you have to have to attend? Would appreciate this information very much.

Pfc. Oliver B. Crain, Jr.

Camp Lejeune, N. C.

● At the present time no Marines are assigned to Underwater Demolitions Teams. All men so assigned are Navy men. The only course of instruction in underwater work open to Marines at the present time is the Explosive Ordnance Disposal course conducted at the Naval Powder Factory, Indian Head, Maryland. The requirements for the school are: rank of sergeant or over; must be excellent swimmer; must have three years to serve on current enlistment or agree to extend; must be a volunteer. The work consists of disarming bombs and other explosives which have landed in the water. A complete description of the course may be found in the latest Marine Corps Memorandum concerning schools open to Marines.—Ed.

MISTAKE?

Sirs,

Recognizing the brawn and stature of a few of my buddies who served on Guam, I beg to differ with the picture entitled "Troop and Stomp" on page 34 of the June issue of *Leatherneck*.

True we are smartly marching toward the athletic field for Saturday review, but credit is due Supply Company, 1st Provisional Combat Service Group (Lt), pictured in the rear, and not H&S Battalion. The last man in the right flank file is Pfc Granfield and the last Marine in the center file is Corp. John Williams.

Sgt. F. J. Eberhart

Philadelphia, Pa.

● You may be right.—Ed.

END

Sky lines



THE MARTIN XB-51

BY SGT. WILLIAM J. MORRIS

Leatherneck Staff Writer

MARTIN Aircraft Corporation is first to roll out a plane specially designed to put the quietus on surface targets, in close air support of ground units. Info concerning the plane known as XB-51 is closely guarded by Air Force. Restrictions were lifted recently, however, and the public was allowed to learn something of this super aerial weapon. President of Martin, C. C. Pearson, did not discuss speed or make comparisons with existing operational jet craft. The plane is powered by three turbo-jet engines, two mounted on pylons beneath fuselage, third mounted aft. Thin wings, horizontal tail surfaces sweep back 35 degrees. Wing span: 55 feet—length: 80 feet. Bicycle type landing gear developed by Martin previously used in XB-48. Two-man crew, pilot and radio operator-navigator. Plane is in final phase of ground checkouts, flight tests in near future.

FORMER Marine Major Herman J. Ridder, Minnesota publisher, presented 40 pound silver trophy to Marine Air Reserve. Will go to most efficient air and ground control squadron. To be held under joint ownership. Trophy to be retained by winning units five months each during fiscal year.

NAVY pilot in bind over Cherry Point. At 40,000 feet Lieutenant Jack Fruin, Cecil Field, Florida, had engine trouble over Point in F2H-1 Banshee. Plane went into spiral. Lost 10,000 feet, built up speed of 600 miles per hour. Fruin tripped emergency mechanical ejection device designed for high speed jets. Was "blown" out of cockpit into tearing air stream. Opened chute after clearing plane. Landed in water and swam to safety. First man to perform this feat.

CAPTAIN Stephen G. Warren, newest member of Cherry Point stunt team, replaces First Lieutenant John McManus. Has 2000 air hours. Team has performed in every major air show during 1949. Do all stunts at 500 miles per hour.

MARINE Phantoms—Cherry Point jet team, led by Major "Doc" Everton—flashed across St. Louis in demonstration of precision formation flying during two-day Air Age Exhibition. Followed by Air Force Acrojets. Phantoms acclaimed hottest in show for 150,000 spectators. Among dignitaries present at concluding aviation dinner was Air Force Secretary W. Stuart Symington.

MAIL CALL

Condensations of letters received by Leatherneck appear below. The name stated first is that of the person wishing to establish contact with the last named person or persons.

Sgt. George Jennings, 11100 NE. Ave., Miami 38, Fla., to hear from Sgt. Edgar A. Pember, last known address, 18 Broad St., New Bern, N. C.

Leo R. LaFlamme, 146 Canal St., Nashua, N. H., to hear from any of the members of Platoon 888, who lived in PB-39 at Parris Island in 1942.

Pfc Ray L. Valek, MB NAS, Whidbey Island, Wash., to hear from Corp. Kenneth J. Pope and Pfc Gordon F. Pope.

Roy D. Donald, Route #1, Mason, Mich., to hear from old buddies he served with in "A" Co., First Marines, First Division, and to get another picture of the USS Wakefield, the transport which brought them back to the States.

Ex-PlSgt. H. D. Morrissey, 416 Arnold Street, Galesburg, Ill., to hear from former members of the 1st Parachute Battalion who were on Guadalcanal, and also from Lieut. Parker O. Pettigrew, last known to have been at MCS Quantico, Va.

Lee Bandreaux, Box 11, Houma, La., to hear from old buddies who served with H&S Co., Fourth Marines during the war and afterwards at Yokosuka, Japan. Particularly men from the S-2 and S-3 Sections.

Pfc Thomas J. Smith, Base HdqSqd Trans., El Toro (Santa Ana) Calif., to hear from Henry H. Acuff, last known to have been under instruction in the Diesel Mech School at Camp Lejeune. His home is in Estero.

END

NAVAL GUN FACTORY

[continued from page 14]

assigned for the Naval Research Laboratory, Washington; Naval Communication Station, Cheltenham, Maryland; Naval Receiving Station Brig, Anacostia, D. C.; Naval Photographic Interpretation Center, Anacostia, D. C.; U. S. National Photographic Center, Anacostia, D. C.; David Taylor Model Basin, Carderock, Maryland; Shore Patrol Detail; and the interior guard for the Gun Factory area.

Two of the largest detachments are stationed at the Naval Communication Station on Nebraska Avenue, Washington, and the Naval Ordnance Depot at White Oak, Maryland.

Home to these scattered detachments is still Building Number 58, for here is where their administrative matters are handled. If one of the Marines happens to dope off, here, too, is where "he sees the man."

Many of the original landmarks are still evident in old 58 but a walk through its spotless corridors, offices and quarters belies the building's age. Efficient maintenance has given it the latest in air conditioning, lighting, and all other conveniences offered by new construction. A large-screen television set strikes a modern note in the combination lounge and movie theater of the 49-man headquarters platoon.

If the Western thriller on the evening's video does not appeal to a Gun Factory Marine, if he's seen the scheduled movie, or if he just plain hankers to do the town, his post is a tailor-made springboard. He is mere minutes from the Nation's Capitol, the Smithsonian Institution, Library of Congress, and scores of other historical and interesting places in the District of Columbia, and in near-by Virginia and Maryland.

Places offering lighter forms of entertainment are numerous. A liberty-bound Marine may choose the swankiest or seek the D. C. version of America's skid row. Week ends offer jaunts to New York—five hours by train—or a score of other Eastern cities, so long as he is back on post and ready for duty Monday morning.

An escorted trip through the world's largest naval armament plant today will find shops still humming and Marines still guarding. The Marine sentry may not know what new secret weapon is being transferred from blueprints to reality. He may not care. But one thing is sure—YOU won't find out!

END



MARINES—

This beautiful Plaque makes the finest Xmas Gift!!

Here's a gift that the Home Folks will be proud to display. It's the perfect memento of your service in the Grand Old Corps. The insignia is exquisitely etched in striking colors. The plaque is 6" x 8"—highly polished walnut. Two lines of gold lettering—your name and your unit or station are free. Sent postpaid to any address ready for hanging for display.

Here's the IDEAL XMAS GIFT for 1948. You can think of more than one friend or relative who would be mighty pleased to have this plaque. Order now to insure delivery before Xmas. Satisfaction guaranteed.

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"Just stand by — there must be something in the rule book about this!"

THE COMMANDANT SPEAKS—

[continued from page 33]

practical consequence for the time being but there is no assurance that this will not become a permanent process. It is another application of the now familiar exclusion device which is being used to our detriment and to the detriment of the national defense as well.

I am continuing my insistence that the Marine Corps be afforded reasonable priority of training opportunity in the field of its own specialty—the amphibious field assigned to us by the Congress.

In addition to the provision of Fleet Marine Forces, the Congress had made the Marine Corps responsible, in coordination with the Army and the Air Force, for the development of tactics, technique, and equipment employed by the landing forces. This provision of the National Security Act reaffirmed a function we had been conducting actively and exclusively for many years before the last war.

In accordance with the provisions of this Act, we invited both the Army and Air Force to participate with us in this development but neither Service accepted. We have therefore been continuing the work as in the past making the results of our efforts available to all who want them. In the field of equipment, for example, we often test new materiel developed by the other services to determine whether it meets the somewhat exacting requirements of landing operations. The Army General Staff proposals would transfer this Congressionally recognized function to another agency.

I submit here, that the Marine Corps can exercise this and its related functions more satisfactorily than any other agency and at less cost. Nevertheless, our next budget is now being subjected to certain arbitrary cuts which will prevent our carrying on necessary tests pursuant to a responsibility assigned us by the Congress.

The third objective relative to the Marine Corps specified by the Army General Staff is summed up in the words "Marine Forces will not be appreciably expanded in time of war."

This is a strange proposal indeed. It says in effect that the regular and reserve Marine Corps, as a reservoir of professionally skilled men, cannot be employed to impart their knowledge and training to others in time of war. In the light of the foreseeable need for the best utilization of every asset of skill and manpower available this proposal suggests an appalling waste of a great national asset.

It must have so appeared to the Congress for they specifically provided that the Marine Corps shall be expanded in time of war in accordance with integrated plans for mobilization.

I have well founded fears as to the manner in which this provision of law is being implemented. I am of the opinion that even our primary mobilization asset which lies in the organized and trained

battalions and squadrons of the Marine Corps Reserve is to be disregarded and our mobilization potential thus ignored. It would be a strange mobilization that requires us to disband existing combat organizations.

I could proceed but I believe that I have made a showing that the three General Staff objectives relative to the Marine Corps have never been relaxed and are being actively exploited today.

In the field of close air support we are likewise beginning to feel the effects of this same pressure. It is contended that we have too high a proportion of air power to ground power in our Fleet Marine Forces. We have been criticized in testimony before the Senate Appropriations Committee in this regard. I can only say that in the Marine Corps, we are thinking in terms of the next war—not the last. We know the value and meaning of close air support as practiced by Navy and Marine Corps aviation. Its effectiveness can be reckoned in a saving of human life and a vast increase in the striking power of our arms. Again we are pioneering in a field of purely prospective research that may lead to developments as significant as our efforts of twenty years ago in the unexplored field of amphibious warfare.

SUMMARY

Let me summarize the Marines' case as follows: We do not believe there has been a complete acceptance in all quarters of that part of the National Security Act relating to the Marine Corps. On the contrary, it appears to us that the power of budget, the power of coordination, and the power of strategic direction of the armed forces have been used as devices to destroy the operating forces of the Marine Corps.

This cannot have been inspired by economy because the cuts were pointed directly at the *combat power* of the Marine Corps.

This has not been in the interest of strategic direction because the manifest combat power of the Marine Corps is being destroyed and dissipated and its mobilization potential ignored.

This has not been in accordance with law because these are things specifically forbidden by the law.

This has not been in accordance with the national interest because in the light of today's realities the United States cannot afford to destroy an irreplaceable source of military strength.

These matters point to a fundamental disagreement. They suggest the sobering thought, that if this course of circumvention of the law is permitted its eventual result will be the effective denial of Congressional authority over the National Defense. It is a question that the Congress sooner or later will have to decide.

RECOMMENDATIONS

The solution does not lie in more laws but rather in a simple show of loyalty and good will in complying with the spirit of the law we have today. It is simply the need for the type of team work that the American people expect their leaders in uniform to dis-

play. The committee can render its greatest service to America by continuing to do just what it has been doing in this inquiry, by continuing its participation in the active direction of this nation's military policy and by refusing to permit the transfer of these great responsibilities elsewhere.

With respect to the Marine Corps, I feel that its combat forces should be maintained at the strength intended when the unification law was passed. Specifically, that there should be provided as our peace time force in readiness two Marine Divisions including six infantry battalions each, two aircraft wings including twelve tactical squadrons each, together with the necessary service elements. They should be maintained at strength with full complement of weapons and equipment and with full allowance of supplies required for mounting out to combat. The organization which I recommend for our peace time Fleet Marine Forces lends itself to rapid expansion in the event of mobilization. In my opinion this would represent the finest single investment in security that our country can make.

CONCLUSION

In conclusion, let me state again that the Marine Corps warmly supports unification of the type now prescribed by the National Security Act but it opposes the persistent attempts to circumvent the law by depriving the Corps of the functions and status intended by the Congress.

In this connection, we ask only that our future as a Service be determined by the Congress itself. We will abide loyally by any verdict of the national legislature. Beyond this the Marine Corps asks nothing for itself. It has no ambition beyond the performance of its duty to its country. Its sole honor stems from that recognition which cannot be denied to a Corps of men who have sought for themselves little more than a life of hardship and the most hazardous assignments in battle. In the past the Marine Corps has given you an exact performance of every obligation assigned it. Its only desire now is to be protected in its right to fight again in the wars of the United States.

END



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Marine Corps Special Orders
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to
Marine Corps Special Orders
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COLE, CLYDE T., MSgt. (501) fr MB WashNGF WashDC to MB Newport RI.
BEATY, ROBERT F., MSgt. (818) fr MB WashNGF WashDC to MB Newport RI.
WALLACE, JOHN, MSgt. (505) fr MCS Quantico to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.
EDWARDS, DAVID E., MSgt. (830) fr MB Lejeune to MB Pendleton.
BROWN, HARVEY R., MSgt. (829) fr MB NAS Quantico PI, RI to HQ FMFPAC.
MURPHY, JAMES A., Tsgt. (973) fr MCAS El Toro to O/S as Air FMFPAC may desig.
BUSH, WILLIAM, Tsgt. (756) fr MCAS El Toro to O/S as Air FMFPAC may desig.
FAULK, BENJAMIN J., MSgt. (756) fr Air FMFPAC to O/S as Air FMFPAC may desig.
FLEMING, WALTER J., Tsgt. (973) fr MCAS Cherry Point to O/S as Air FMFPAC may desig.
WALLER, THOMAS G., MSgt. (886) fr MCAS Cherry Point to O/S as Air FMFPAC may desig.
GUIDO, SERAFINO, Tsgt. (993) fr MCDS SanFran to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.
VERSAW, DONALD L., Tsgt. (043) fr MWRD St Louis to 1st MarDiv Pendleton.
GIBSON, LEVIE W., Tsgt. (830) fr MCRDep PI to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.
NORTER, JOHN F., Tsgt. (830) fr MB NY Brooklyn to MCS Quantico.
BREWER, WOODROW K., Tsgt. (830) fr MB Bangor Wash to MB Pendleton.
GILPIN, JOHN H., MSgt. (828) fr MB Newport RI to MCS Quantico.
GARDNER, WILLIAM J., MSgt. (830) fr MB Pendleton to MCRDep Diego.
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MORSE, RALPH G., JR., MSgt. (747) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MCAS El Toro.
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HALLT, JAMES G., JR., MSgt. (584) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MCAS El Toro.
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RICHARDS, IRVING R., Tsgt. (787) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MCAS Quantico.
HUFFMAN, ROBERT H., Tsgt. (060) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MCAS El Toro.
ANDERSON, LEROY H., Tsgt. (747) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MCAS El Toro.
OWINGS, HARRY A., MSgt. (747) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MCAS El Toro.
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BEDORA, STEPHEN, MSgt. (584) fr HqBn HQMC WashDC to MB Lejeune.
PARDILO, RAYMOND M., MSgt. (060) fr HqBn HQMC WashDC to MB NY Brooklyn.
MARMISH, JOHN E., Tsgt. (978) fr HqBn HQMC WashDC to DQSP.
WACHTER, ROY A., MSgt. (628) fr HqBn HQMC WashDC to MB Lejeune.
GILLIS, ANGUET, MSgt. (677) fr MCAS Quantico to MCAS El Toro.
BOURNE, RAYMOND F., MSgt. (875/770) fr MCAS Quantico to MCAS Cherry Point.
STRAM, JOHN B., MSgt. (060) fr MB Lejeune to HqBn HQMC WashDC.
BOCIAN, CHESTER M., Tsgt. (501) fr MB Lejeune to MCAS Cherry Point.
BAILEY, OLIVER W., Tsgt. (549) fr MB Pendleton to MB NAD Earle NJ duins AutoTpsMainCourse Sig Sec Ft Monmouth NJ.
ORCUTT, RALPH A., MSgt. (906) fr 2dMarDiv Lejeune to HqBn HQMC WashDC.
SMITH, CHARLES W., Tsgt. (615) fr 2dMarDiv Lejeune to 1-1 "C" Btry 3d 155mm Howltn WSMCR Detacur Gt.
McSWIGGEN, DONALD R., Tsgt. (375) fr 2dMarDiv Lejeune to MB Lejeune.
SEVILLE, CHARLES W., Tsgt. (542) fr 2dMarDiv Lejeune to MB NAD Earle NJ duins AutoTpsMainCourse Sig Sec Ft Monmouth NJ.
JONES, HENRY E., Tsgt. (591) fr 1stMarDiv Pendleton to Pendleton.
HAYR, ROBERT J., MSgt. (677) fr 1stMarDiv Pendleton to MarCorpsActy as dir by CG DP SanFran.
WILCOX, FREDY A., MSgt. (615) fr 8thMCRD Atlanta Ga to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.

HINKLEY, DONALD "D", Tsgt. (615) fr MCS Quantico to MB Pendleton.
SPAIN, RALPH, MSgt. (014) fr MCS Quantico to HqBn HQMC WashDC.
THORNTON, JOHN A., MSgt. (630) fr MB NMD Yorktown Va to MCRDep PI.
McWILLIAMS, EUGENE G., MSgt. (812) fr MCRDep PI to MCS Quantico.
CARPENTER, CHARLES H., MSgt. (501) fr MCRDep PI to MCS Quantico.
PENNINGTON, WILLIAM L., MSgt. (584) fr FMFPAC to MB Lejeune.
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GADY, STEVE, MSgt. (060) fr MB NAS Pensacola Fla to MB Lejeune.
MATTHIENSEN, JENS H., MSgt. (375) fr MCDS SanFran to MCAS El Toro.
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TROWER, LEROY, Tsgt. (747) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point.
OWEN, DELMAR A., Tsgt. (747/770) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point.
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SMITH, ERNEST K., MSgt. (501) fr CRD Chicago to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.
BECKHAM, JACK W., Tsgt. (501) fr CRD Chicago to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.
LEBOVSKY, GARDEN R., Tsgt. (274) fr SRD Dallas Tex to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.
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POST, RAYMOND, MSgt. (639) fr MCS Quantico to HqBn HQMC WashDC.
ROBINSON, LESTER D., MSgt. (060) fr MCS Quantico to MB Lejeune.
PAINTER, HOWARD R., MSgt. (978) fr MB Lejeune to MCS Quantico.
TAYLOR, EUGENE A., MSgt. (639) fr Barstow Annex to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.
ARMSTRONG, ROBERT L., MSgt. (978) fr MCDS SanFran to MB Lejeune.
BEMENT, GEORGE, MSgt. (639) fr MCDS SanFran to HqBn HQMC WashDC.
BELL, ELISHA J., Tsgt. (017) fr MCRDep Diego to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.
FARMER, MELVIN D., Tsgt. (060) fr MCRDep Diego to MB Pendleton.
KELL, THOMAS R., Tsgt. (060) fr MCRDep Diego to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.
PUGH, HAWTHORN, Tsgt. (060) fr MCRDep Diego to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.
COLLINS, EUGENE J., Tsgt. (639) fr 1stMarDiv Pendleton to DQSP.
EMMONS, ROBERT A., Tsgt. (060) fr 1stMarDiv Pendleton to MCRDep PI duins Recruiter's Sect.
BUTLER, ERNEST W., MSgt. (067) fr MARC NAS Glenview Ill to MCAS Cherry Point.
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KELLY, KENNETH M., MSgt. (507) fr MD NDD Ftash to MCS Quantico.
COTHAM, ROBERT, MSgt. (575) fr HqBn HQMC WashDC to HQ FMFPAC.
FRANTE, DONALD D., Tsgt. (677) fr HqBn HQMC WashDC to MB Pendleton duins TplEec Course.
GEYER, JOHN J., MSgt. (747) fr HqBn HQMC WashDC to MCAS Cherry Point.
NOLAN, PHILIP E., MSgt. (990) fr MB Lejeune to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.
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WINGATE, DAVE, JR., MSgt. (060) fr MB Lejeune to HQ FMFPAC.
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VERSAE, FRANK T., JR., Tsgt. (815) fr 5th MCRD to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.
BANKER, JACQUES, MSgt. (591) fr HqBn HQMC to MCS Quantico.
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LAYCOCK, JOHN P., MSgt. (812) fr 2dMarDiv Lejeune to MCS Quantico.
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LADY, DENNIS G., MSgt. (812) fr 1stMarDiv Pendleton to Barstow Annex.
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SHY, CHARLES MSgt. (600) fr MB Pendleton to MB Lejeune.

DELESHA, LAVERN L., TSgt. (617) fr MB Pendleton to MCRDep PI.

FISHER, PERCY J., TSgt. (617) fr MB Pendleton to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.

CHAUWER, JACOB L., MSgt. (501) fr 2dMarDiv Lejeune to MCRDep PI.

WOLFE, HENRY W., MSgt. (617) fr 2dMarDiv Lejeune to MCRDep PI.

TAYLOR, CARL E., TSgt. (600) fr 2dMarDiv Lejeune to MCRDep PI.

ELMORE, JOHN W., TSgt. (600) fr 2dMarDiv Lejeune to MCRDep PI.

BLACKWELL, THOMAS M., TSgt. (600) fr MCRD 2dMarDiv Lejeune to MCRDep PI.

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JOHNSON, ARTHUR N., TSgt. (600) fr 2dMarDiv Lejeune to MCRDep PI.

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BURDEN, CHARLES D., TSgt. (600) fr 2dMarDiv Lejeune to MCRDep PI.

TANNER, LOUIE A., TSgt. (600) fr 2dMarDiv Lejeune to MCS Quantico.

VAN BLAIR, BERNARD C., TSgt. (612) fr 2dMarDiv Lejeune to MCS Quantico.

WINGE, GEORGE C., TSgt. (600) fr MCRDep PI to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.

WEYMOUTH, WILLIAM H., TSgt. (600) fr 2dMarDiv Lejeune.

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DUBBERLY, HENRY B., TSgt. (600) fr MCRDep PI to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.

McSWAIN, AUBREY A., TSgt. (637) fr MCRDep PI to MB Lejeune.

WHITEHOUSE, WALTER W., MSgt. (623) fr MB NB LA to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.

CLYDESDALE, ROBERT JR., MSgt. (623) fr DO 13MC Atlanta Ga to 3dMC Quantico.

KASPAREK, JOHN J., MSgt. (501) fr 8th MCRD NOLA to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.

CLOUSER, JOHN E., TSgt. (612) fr MB NAD Ft Morris Phila to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.

MYERS, THORNTON W., SSgt. (604) fr MB NTC Great Lakes to MD USR PHILIPPINE SEA.

OWEN, LESTER C., SSgt. (604) fr MD USR FRANKLIN D ROOSEVELT to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.

SANDERS, HAROLD R., SSgt. (745) fr HqBn HQMC WashDC to MCS Quantico.

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YOUNG, EVERETT R., SSgt. (612) fr MB NAS Pensacola to MB NB Newport.

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LOVELL, "J", "T", MSgt. (639) from MB Lejeune to MCS Quantico.

BRITT, CHARLES M., TSgt. (MB NAF Glynco Ga to MCRDep PI).

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WOODS, DAVID, TSgt. (6316) fr MB NAS Pensacola WashDC to MB NOB Roosevelt Roads P.R.

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Books REVIEWED



NEW IMPROVED AMERICANIZED JUDO. By Paul W. Sharp. Vols. I & II, \$1.50 each. Both volumes, \$2.50. Improved Judo Inc., Los Angeles, Calif.

WE are happy to announce a fine addition to the *Leatherneck* list of popular books on individual combat and assorted techniques of defense and mayhem. The year-in, year-out popularity of judo and bayonet books among our Marine readers would indicate that the Marine Corps is still keeping alive the fine arts of personal combat in the best traditions of Colonel Biddle and the Marine Raiders.

These two booklets by Mr. Sharp should find a welcome place on the book shelf of any man (or woman) interested in judo as a form of athletics or as a social accomplishment to display in the barracks or the local pub.

Done almost entirely by means of clear photographs, each hold and throw is very simple to understand. Volume I is for beginners and Volume II is for advanced students. Each volume has 64 well printed pages.

We would like to make it clear right now, however, that *Leatherneck* assumes no responsibility whatsoever for the results or damage done by anyone who studies the 71 lessons presented in these books and then practices them among his friends and neighbors.

J. A. D. Jr.

THE BEST SCIENCE FICTION STORIES: 1949. Frederick Fell, Inc. \$2.95

NOT too long ago science fiction fans were in the same classification as drug addicts, seeking their satisfaction on the sly. And there are still a few people who say science fiction is junk. This story type has grown up in the past few years. (If we called it literature, it might frighten readers away.) At any rate, top-notch writers and accredited scientists enjoy reading it and writing it. As a stimulus

to the imagination, the science fiction story form is tops.

Editors Everett Bleiler and T. E. Diky have searched through all the slick and pulp periodicals to choose a dozen tales dealing with psychological quirks, future adventure, robots, and humorous fantasy.

If boy-meets-girl bores you, and conventional plot hocus-pocus leaves you cold, this piquant collection of science fiction short stories should give you a mental hot-foot.

—W.E.M.



GUEST OF THE KREMLIN. By Lieutenant Colonel Robert G. Emmens. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$3.00

SEVERAL good stories have already been told about the experiences that befell the crews of air force planes that took part in Doolittle's raid on Tokyo in 1942. Following the raid the 16 planes were spread all over the coast of Asia and Japan. One of the B-25s was forced to land in Russian territory near Vladivostok. The subsequent experiences of this crew as they were kept as "guests"

of Russia for over a year is the interesting story told by Lieutenant Colonel Emmens.

Emmens, the co-pilot, Ski the pilot, and the other three crew members entered Russia via the back door and thereafter were shunted around from one place to another on a tour that is certainly not the one reserved for sightseers. These Americans saw Russia as it is—and it isn't pretty.

Initially they were well fed and kept loaded with vodka but as months went by and the Russian Army suffered at the hands of the Germans, food became worse.

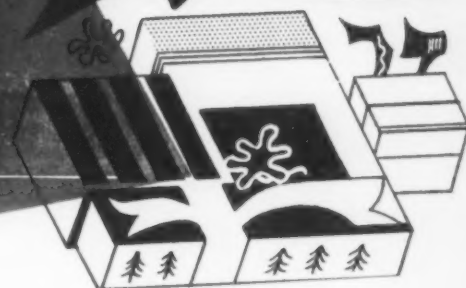
The several "homes" where they were interned were impressive mainly for their lack of plumbing and comforts. As a matter of fact the story is a continuous revelation of the low standard of living that exists in Russia. The reader will look at American bathrooms, kitchens, and food stores with a bit more appreciation after reading this book.

At no time were these fliers actually mistreated. They were guarded, lied to and shoved around—but so were Russians. Those completely subjugated people actually thought the Americans were being so well fed and beautifully treated that duty as their caretakers was very popular.

The author hints that American officials in Moscow were somewhat less than interested in their welfare. He also neglects to go into the personal relationships between the five men during their dull months of being cooped up together. It would seem that Ski, the ranking officer, was a strong personality who kept the crew from deteriorating in both morale and discipline.

It's another good story revealing some of the details of life behind the iron curtain. It may occur to the military reader that such a backward country can't be a real threat to the modern world—but at the same time Russian soldiers that are so disciplined in thought and enured to physical hardship, having never known much in the way of comforts, would make formidable opponents in the field. J. A. D. Jr.

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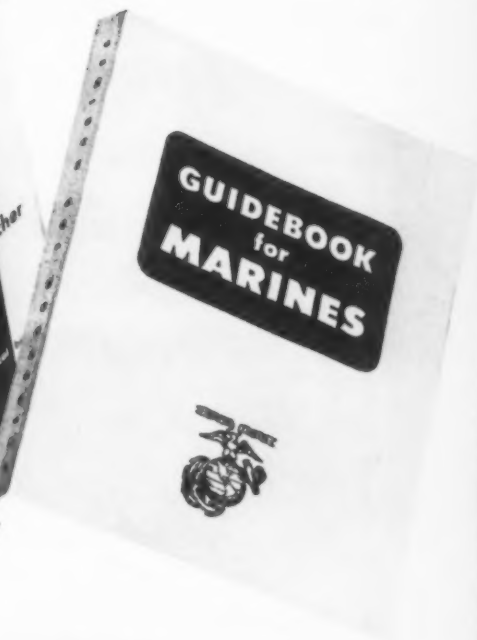
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